

HIGH SCHOOL YEAR BOOK



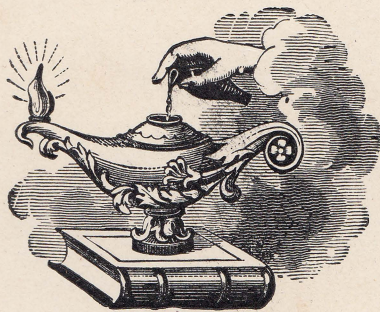
Published by the Junior Class,

MOMENCE HIGH SCHOOL.

MOMENCE PROGRESS PRINT.



Junior Year Book,
1903.



JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

VOL. 3,

MOMENCE, ILLINOIS, JUNE 18, 1903.

No. 3.

EDITORIAL STAFF.



LEIGH N. KELSEY,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	EDITOR IN CHIEF.
HELEN G. GRAY,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	ASSISTANT EDITOR.
J. CLYDE PARMLEY,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	BUSINESS MANAGER.
JOHN LENOIR PIFER,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	EDITOR ON ATHLETICS.
MYRTLE R. GIBEAULT,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	EDITOR ON GRINDS.
VIOLA A. CHIPMAN,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	SECRETARY.
CARRIE L. CLARK,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	TREASURER.



BOARD OF EDUCATION.



W. L. CLAPSADLE, PRESIDENT

P. J. CLEARY,----- SECRETARY

A. MELBY-----

MRS. MARY M. LLOYD-----

F. O. CLARK-----

MRS. W. H. BENNETT-----

GEORGE CHATFIELD-----

COURSE OF STUDY.

FIRST YEAR.

Physiology.

English } Rhetoric
 } Grammar.

Spelling.

High School Arithmetic.

Algebra.

SECOND YEAR.

Latin or German.

Rhetoric.

General History.

Geometry.

Zoology.

THIRD YEAR.

Latin or German.

Book-keeping.

Word Analysis.

Geometry.

Botany.

English Literature and Composi-
tion.

FOURTH YEAR.

Commercial Arithmetic.

Civil Government.

Physics.

American Literature and Composi-
tion.


Trigonometry.

Review of Common Branches.



CORPS OF INSTRUCTORS.


PROF. H. P. LITTLE, - SUPERINTENDENT MOMENCE UNION SCHOOLS.



HIGH SCHOOL.

MRS. ALICE G. KÄLLANDER, - - - - - PRINCIPAL.

MISS L. EMMA GRIFFIN, - - - - - ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL.



CENTRAL SCHOOL.

MISS MARGARET DUNN, - - - - - 7th and 8th Grades.


MRS. E. ST. JOHN, - - - - - 5th and 6th Grades.

MISS BERTHA LAMB, - - - - - 4th Grade.

MISS MAY CULVER, - - - - - 3d Grade.

MISS MAY SIMONDS, - - - - - 2d Grade.

MISS MABEL GROVES, - - - - - 1st Grade.



LORAINÉ SCHOOL.

MISS ADDIE E. LONG, - - - - - PRINCIPAL 7th and 8th Grades.

MISS MAUD NICHOLS, - - - - - 5th and 6th Grades.

MISS GERTRUDE HOLMES, - - - - - 3d and 4th Grades.

MISS BLANCHE FREEMAN, - - - - - 1st and 2nd Grades.



RIVER STREET SCHOOL.

MISS CORA NICHOLS. - - - - -



MISS EDITH I. HARNEY, SUPERVISOR OF MUSIC.



JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

Alumni of the High School.

When Name of State is not Given, it is Illinois.

Class of '77.

BEERS, (JEWETT) EVE	HOXIE, KANSAS.
BRADY, (HASLETT) MARY	ROSE LAWN, IND.
GIFFIN, EVA, (deceased)	
GRIFFIN, L. EMMA, Teacher,	MOMENCE.
HASLETT, EATON, Merchant,	LOS ANGELES, CAL.
KELLEY, (McKINSTRY) SARAH	MADISON, S. D.
LITTLE, (SMYTHYMAN) IDA,	GRANT PARK.
THOMPSON, CLARA, Teacher,	MONTICELLO, IND.

Class of '82.

CAREY, (BROWN,) MAGGIE	MARNE, IOWA.
MORAN, (FITZGERALD) ELLA	CHICAGO.
McDONOUGH, (HUGHES) MARY	AVON, S. D.

Class of '92.

HENRY, (CHIPMAN) MARTHA	MOMENCE.
McDANIELS, FRANCES, Teacher,	CAIRO.
MEINZER, (KNIGHTHART) MARY	MOMENCE.
PARADIS, (CULVER) NORA	MOMENCE.
REINS, (RIKER) FLORENCE,	MOMENCE.
WATSON, (CLARK) MARTHA	CHICAGO.

Class of '93.

DU MONTELL, (SHRONTZ) MAUD	ST. ANNE.
GRIFFIN, NORMAN, Bank Cashier,	KANKAKEE.
GRIFFIN, CARRIE, Teacher,	GRANT PARK.
KENRICK, JAY, Book-keeper,	WILCOTT, IND.
LAMB, BERTHA, Teacher,	MOEMNCE.
PATRICK. MAUD, Musician,	LOGANSFORT, IND.
SWEET, (WHITMORE,) MAUD	MOMENCE.

Class of '94.

BUNTAIN, CLAY, Lawyer.	CHICAGO.
CULVER, FRANK, Draughtsman,	CHICAGO.
GROVES. BURR, Clerk,	CHICAGO.
EINSELE, (NICHOLS) ETHEL,	DANVILLE.
KROWS, RALPH, Reporter,	TACOMA, WASH.
LONGPRE, ELMER, Physician,	KANKAKEE.
SIMONDS, MAY, Teacher,	MOMENCE.
WILKINSON, (REINS,) MINNIE,	KANKAKEE.
WILKINSON, JOHN, Book-keeper,	KANKAKEE.

Class of '95.

ELLIS, GERTRUDE, Teacher,	MOROCCO, IND.
FREEMAN, HARRY, Dentist,	GRANT PARK.
KNAUR, (KIOUS) EVA	STOUTSBERG, IND.
KINNEY, (MELBY) HILMA,	MOMENCE.
PATRICK, JESSICA,	LOGANSPOUT, IND.
POGUE, CHARLES, Merchant	CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND.
SAFFORD, EDMUND T. Book-keeper	WEST SUPERIOR, WIS.
SANSTROM, SAMUEL, (Deceased.)	
WILLIS, FRED. Book-keeper,	CHICAGO.

Class of '96.

CAMPBELL, MAGDALENE, Clerk	MOMENCE.
CLARK, ELWYN J., Student,	NEWARK, N. J.
CLARK, FRED, O., Clerk,	SPRING VALLEY.
CULVER, MAY C., Teacher,	MOMENCE.
DRAYER, LENA E., Student,	GREENCASTLE, IND.
GRAY, JESSE M., Student,	OLIVET, MICH.
GRIFFIN, ERNEST, Farmer,	GRANT PARK.
LANDON, CLARA, Kindergarten Teacher,	DETROIT, MICH.
HOINKE, (BUFFINGTON) MARY	ST. ANNE.
LANE, GRACE, Musician	CHICAGO.

Class of '98.

BIGELOW (INGRAHAM) HARRIET E.	CHICAGO.
CLEARY, WILL J., Student,	BOURBONNAIS.
DOWLING, JULIA A., Clerk,	CHICAGO.
DURHAM, BERTHA, Student,	DANVILLE.
FOUNTAIN, ROSILDA, Teacher,	CROFT.
GIBSON, HATTIE MAY, Teacher,	MOMENCE.
HANSON, HENRY, Clerk,	CHICAGO.
KELSEY, J. CLARE, Student,	CHICAGO.
MORGAN, CARRIE,	CHICAGO.
O'CONNELL, (SIMONDS) CORA,	URICH MO.
O'DONNELL, DELIA	MOMENCE.

Class of '99.

BUKOWSKI, MARY,	MOMENCE.
DENNIS, HAROLD, Student,	CHICAGO.
PARADIS, EDNA,	REDLANDS, CAL.
SHAW, NORMAN,	CHICAGO.
WAGNER, JOSEPHINE, Clerk,	CHICAGO.
TABLER, CLYDE, Book-keeper,	MOMENCE.

Class of '00.

BABIN, MATTIE MAY,	CITRONVILLE, ALA.
CHAMBERLAIN, AMOS, Farmer,	MOMENCE
CLARKE, CARROLL, Book-keeper,	MOMENCE.
CLEARY, JAMES, Clerk,	MOMENCE.
CULVER, FLORENCE, Musician.	ORTINVILLE, MINN.
DENNIS, LENA,	MOMENCE
DWYER, NELLIE, Teacher,	MOMENCE.
GARRETT, LEONA, Teacher,	MOMENCE.
GIBEAULT, PHOEBE, Teacher,	MOMENCE.
HARRIS, WILL, Farmer,	GRANT PARK.
JOHNSON, JUNIA, Teacher,	CRETE.
COLEMAN, (LAMPOR) GEORGIA,	BRAZIL, IND.
LAMPOR, MAY. Teacher,	MOMENCE.
MORGAN, STEPHEN, Student,	CHICAGO.
McKEE, BESSIE, Student.	EVANSTON.
PARMELY, IDELLA, Teacher.	GRANT PARK.
PORTER, EDWARD. Student,	CHAMPAIGN.
RICE, BELLE, Teacher,	MOMENCE.
WILLIS, FRED Book-keeper,	MOMENCE.

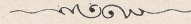
Class of '01.

BRADY, MAMIE, Teacher,	ROSE LAWN, IND.
BURCHARD, OLIVE M., Teacher,	GRANT PARK.
CLARK. FRANCES E.,	MOMENCE.
DRAYER, ALMA I., Teacher,	MOMENCE.
DWYER, JOSIE V., Teacher,	"
FORCE, IDA M., Teacher,	INDEPENDENCE, KAN.
KELSEY, WAYNE, Dairyman,	MOMENCE.
NADOLNI CLARA, L., Clerk,	"
PORTER, GEO. N., Teacher,	"
SMITH, BIRDIE S., Stenographer,	"
SMITH, (THURBER) LUCELIA M.,	GRANT PARK.
WEAVER, L. ETHEL, Teacher,	MOMENCE.

Class of '02.

CLEARY JENNIE M., Teacher,	MOMENCE.
CLEARY, ELIZABETH C., Teacher,	"
DENNIS, LAURA J.	"
FREEMAN, BLANCHE M., Teacher,	"
GIBEAULT, JOSEPH A., Merchant,	"
GIBSON, LAURA J.,	"
HANSEN, ANNA M., Teacher,	"
KIOUS, MAYSIE A., Teacher,	"
NELSON, PHOEBE J., Teacher,	"
PORTER, EZRA B., Farmer,	"
SEAMAN, GRACE M., Student,	Evanston.
VANE, ESTELLA E., Musician,	MOMENCE.

Class of '03.



BAECHLER, MARTHA E.....	CASTLETON.
BENNETT, EDITH,.....	MOMENCE.
DAYTON, FLORA, M.....	"
DAYTON, EDNA, J.....	"
GARRETT, FRANK W.....	"
GRAY, ESTHER, M.....	"
HANSON, SARAH, H.....	"
MILLER, BLENDENA A.....	"
PARISH, VARNUM A.....	"
PORTER, IVY B.....	"
PORTER, NILES I.....	"
SEARLES, MARION E.....	"
SPRY, CARRIE.....	"
WEAVER, BONNIBELL O.....	"
WILSON, BLANCHE M.....	"



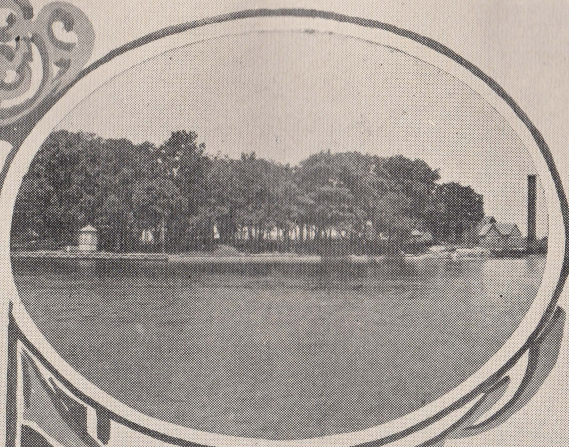
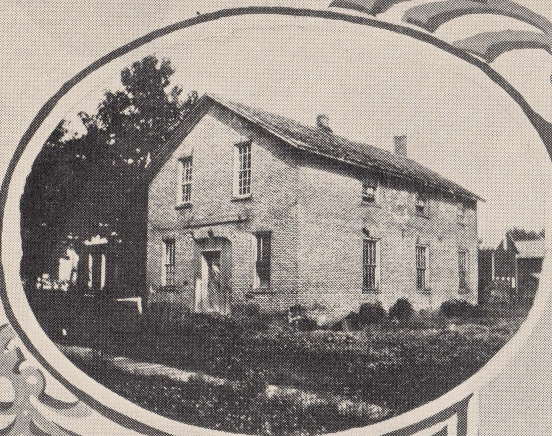
'04.



A class ther was and that a worthi one
 That from the tyme that it fyrst begunn
 To broaden out it lovede chivalre,
 Trouth and honour, freedom and curtese.
 Full worthi was it in its teacher's hyre
 And from the fyrste ne'ere did it tyre.
 In delving careless after high sentence
 For thilka looking in gret reverence.
 If after tyme somdel int'rest felle
 Restored only by the chapel belle
 As Freshies was but hardly playn delyt
 And verreily as Sophs we were perfytt.
 A large class it was with talents bright
 When in High School we hast'ly did alight.
 Bold of our speech and wys and welitaght
 And of manhede we lakkede right naught.
 With us there was our John, our president,
 Full oft he was upon his Latyn bent.
 Of his stature he was of wondrous length
 And wondrously delyvere and gret of strength.
 Singyng he was or floyting all the day,
 He was as *fresh* as is the month of May,
 With lockes curle as they wer layd in presse,
 A 'phone pole was he sothly as I guesse.
 And too ther was our Mullet precious wede
 Who knew our conseil and was all our reed
 An Edward was ther with us in that place,
 That had a fyre-reed cherubynes face.
 But twenty gifted members by the weye,
 Would croud out Hist'ry sothly for to seye.
 Sufficeth it that all have brilliant mynds,
 And gret achievements will produce, you'll fynd.
 Past records prove that we have far excelled
 All efforts that as models have been held.
 This class was, too, full riche of excellence.
 Discrete it was and of gret reverence.
 Renowned it was, its wordes were so wise
 And such it was iproved ofte sithes.
 Let future speak for that which I have writ—
 (In all this world ne was ther non it lyk.)
 The chronicles of '04 are ended quite.
 Of which ful blithe and glad is every wight.



JUNIOR CLASS.



THE OLD SCHOOL HOUSE.
H. C. PARADIS' RESIDENCE.

CENTRAL HOUSE

VIEW OF ISLAND PARK.
MRS. C. A. WIKSTROM'S RESIDENCE.

JUNIOR SONG.

TUNE: Mush, Mush, Mush.

For the Freshman's life's one round of pleasure,
For the Sophomore, too, its a lark,
But to one who belongs to the Juniors
Life looks pretty earnest and dark.
We have lessons to get like the others
But when others with lessons are done
And have gone out for sweet recreation,
We still must keep pegging along.

CHORUS:

For its rush, rush, rush, rush with the Year Book,
And its rush, rush, rush, rush night and day.
Don't bother me for I am busy!
To-day is my busiest day.

Let Freshmen go out for a picnic,
Let sophomores do as they will,
But the Junior has far too much doing,
He is climbing up fame's rugged hill.
Our Year Book is sure to bring glory,
'Twill be talked of for long years to come;
And we'll have a fine time as Seniors,
With our work on the Year Book all done.

CHO.

Then it's rush, etc.

(Dedicated with sympathy, to the class 1904.)



JUNIOR CLASS YELL.



Boomalaka, Boomalaka, Boom, Bow, Wow,
Chingalaka, Chingalaka, Ching, Chow, Chow,
Boomalaka, Chingalaka, Rip, Rah, Roar,
We're the class of 1904.

Mrs. Kallender wishes here to express her gratitude to those whose liberality made possible the cash prizes awarded in the Year Book Contest. Such interest on the part of the citizens is a great spur to effort on the part of the pupils.

THANK YOU.

CHARACTERIZATION OF BURKE.



ESSAY BY SADIE CROSBY.

Burke was one of the few politicians who try to do what is right. His home life was happy. There, instead of the dignified, brilliant politician, he was a kind, loving father and husband. He was an impulsive nature, capable of deep feeling, as was shown by his intense grief at the death of his son Robert. He inherited a fortune but soon spent it and was always in debt, owing to his taste for books and to his habit of helping his needy friends.

As an orator he was very eloquent but his Irish brogue probably lessened the effect of his arguments. His speeches were full of deep thots, which he poured forth in such a torrent that only by the closest attention could his hearers follow him. And listen closely they did, simply because they could not help it. His powerful, fervid way of speaking, the greatness of his thots, his ready wit and his bitter sarcasm carried everything before them.

Nor was Burke's style of delivery at all monotonous. He would stop in the midst of the most ponderous arguments and throw his audience into convulsions of laughter by the use of his keen wit, or would suddenly come down from a lofty flight of imagination on the ideal state of things, and put in the most bitter, cutting sarcasm.

His speeches contained a wonderful amount of facts, probably more than any other man's at that time. For instance, if he were making a speech on the condition of affairs in India, he would give the exact amount of export and import and the produce and expense of that country. He would state to the last cent the amount of tax received from it. He would give the exact population and probably the number of soldiers, the number of merchants, the number of farmers and the number of aristocrats.

He was very particular to have everything perfectly clear. Those seemingly little things in the bills which other men would rather have unnoticed, Burke brought to light, tore to pieces and explained. However, he often passed over arguments as unworthy of notice, which others made the most of.

But we must not think Burke was without fault as an orator. His speeches were not carefully composed. He was almost as likely to begin with conclusion and end with the introduction as he was to begin with the introduction and end with the conclusion. He jumped so quickly from one subject to another that it was difficult to follow his line of thought, if there was really a line of thought to follow. Burke did think and thought deeply. That master mind of his did much marvelous work and he had distinct ideas of what was right but did not arrange his ideas. His mind was comparable to a glass of effervescent liquid. Ideas were continually bubbling up, and he presented them accordingly regardless of order.

His comparisons were shocking and he thought nothing too horrible to describe to illustrate his point. He did not seem to know when to stop; often after he had won his point he talked till he lost it again. He was always for the Rockingham Whigs and thus it was said of him, "He gave to party what was meant for mankind."

As a statesman his sole ambition was to have everything done right. He had a passion for order and justice and fought bitterly for it against strong opposition. The result of it was that he became impatient, irritable and stern.

Naturally dignified and reserved, he made few friends, but he made hosts of admirers. He scorned dishonesty and would rather have died than resort to the trickery common among the politicians.

After all the defects were few when compared with the virtues. We can forget them as we view his wonderful intellect. He was truly a great man,—great hearted and great minded.



OUR SCHOOL HOUSE.



A tall, old brick building
Is the school house in Momence;
No walls are around it—
Not even a fence.

The school is located
In the center of the block,
Looking as large and as roomy
As an old-fashioned clock.

Two beautiful vines
Climbing over the wall
Of the school house so dear,
Make it look much less tall.

Long walks of concrete,
Encompass it round,
Which quite clean and neat
Are generally found.

From the street to the school
Immense trees form a line,
And these with the lawn,
Make a view very fine.

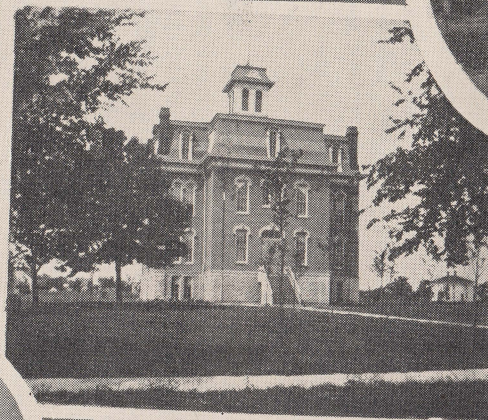
The lawn is a beautiful
Carpet of green,
So soft under foot,
So cool, fresh and clean.

I have tried to describe
Our old school house so dear,
Which is filled to the top,
With wisdom and cheer.

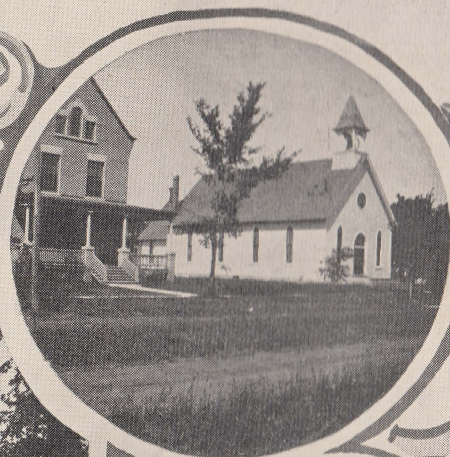
EMMA PITTMAN.



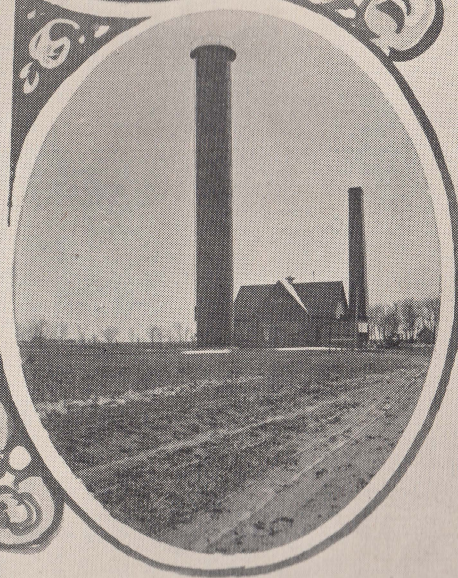
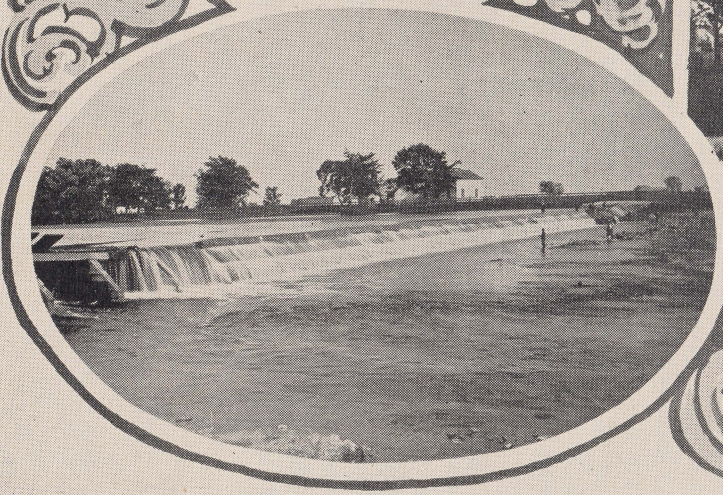
M. E. CHURCH.
VIEW OF THE OLD DAM.



CENTRAL SCHOOL.



ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH AND PARSONAGE.
MOMENCE WATER WORKS PLANT.



WAS HE JUSTIFIED?

STORY BY BONNIBELL WEAVER.

"And, Dollie, if I make a home for you and the boy, will you come?"

"Yes, Jack, have I not followed you north, south and east, when you did not promise, but now you have promised and Jack, your word used to be as good as another man's bond, why should I not go west, but oh, Jack, don't fail me, for I feel that this is your last chance, and if you fail this time, you fall forever.

"Hush, little woman, we have weathered some pretty squally times together, but please God its over now, and I can see smooth waters and a quiet harbor ahead for us, so don't be pessimistic, but look on the bright side, and remember, I will keep my promise, or die trying. Good bye, sweetheart, one kiss for yourself and one for the boy, God bless him, may he be a better man than his father, and oh, Dollie, teach him to say *no*, and keep on saying *no*, when temptation stands in front, then he will not have to flee as I am doing, but Dollie, little wife, it won't be for long and you will come and what a pleasant home we'll have some day! The train is due in just fifteen minutes and I'll just have time to make it, so be good to yourself—yes I will write as soon as I see what the prospects are." A rush of cold air, a slam of an outer door, and the crunch of hasty steps on the frozen snow, and for the third time Jack Derwent had started out in the world to make a home for the wife and boy; while back in the little house, Dollie, with sad eyes and pale face, moved silently, straightening a chair, picking up some of Jack's discarded clothes and swiftly removing all traces of his presence, and she felt as though he had passed from her side for always, well knowing, that where he went, there went also, his besetting sin, and his eagerness to get away was that craving for a change and excitement only possessed by those cursed with the "wandering heel," and doubly intensified by his frequent lapses in that little village where the saloons outnumber the churches six to one.

* * * * *

"Boys, this is my last drink, and I mean it. Back in God's country I've a wife and boy waiting for me to make a home for them, and a year ago I promised her, (my little Dollie,) to let this stuff alone, and I meant it then, but I trusted in my own strength, and fell after keeping my word six months "Do you know how I came to lose my grip?" "Love for the red-eye," suggested one. "Got lonesome from home and kid," hazarded another. "You are away off, both of you," he said contemptuously, and turning from the bar in a sudden fury, his somber eyes sweeping the crowd that surrounded him, he thundered, "No! it was neither, tho God knows with the longing for them and the curse in my blood my life was a hell, but I would have conquered, if you had left me alone, but this treating, this forcing a man to drink, or be branded as a coward, led to my undoing, and I tell you now," reaching round and touching a forty-four at his belt, "the first man that asks me to take a drink with him, dies. Now, remember, I've warned you," and while they stared at him in open mouthed astonishment, he shouldered his way through the crowd and in a moment was out under the stars; throwing back his head, he drew in a long breath of pure night air that seemed doubly pure after the tainted atmosphere he had been breathing. Somewhere a shrill voiced clock struck the hour. He paused in his walk and muttered, "eleven o'clock and the 24th of December. Just a year since Dollie and I filled the kid's stocking. Oh, Dollie, Dollie, when shall I see you and the boy again? Grant it may be soon.

He had started when he thot that the mail would be in in the morning, and there might be some word from Dollie, though he had not written for months and she was not sure of his address, but still the bare possibility of getting one of Dollie's letters was worth waiting for. He gave his horse in charge of the stable boy, and walked to the door and entered the room he had left such a short time before.

"Hello, Jack, back again?" Called a dark browed man lounging against a table, watching a game of poker. "Have a—and some one watching Jack's face, nudged him fiercely,—“a game of poker with me,” he asked turning to the fellow who had nudged him, “can't a fellow ask another fellow to have a quiet game without you putting your elbow in, hey?” Jack shook his head and passed on up stairs to bed where he tossed and turned till time for breakfast.

After making a hasty toilet, he made his way to the dining room, where a few men still remained at the tables. To break the silence, one of the men, the express agent, store-keeper and postmaster combined, drawled out. “Say, pard, they's a letter fer you, came the other day, with orders to hold it if you were here and forward it if you had left. I wasn't sure so I held it.” Pushing away his plate, Jack rose and followed the post master, perhaps the letter was from Dollie. She had never failed him yet.

The man found the letter he sought, he handed it out with the remark, “It was big enough to be a Christmas present, providing it wasn't a dun.”

With a quick throb at his heart, Jack recognized Dollie's writing. Thrusting the letter in his pocket, he went to the barn, saddled his horse and rode straight toward the sunrise, for he felt he must have no curious eyes watching him as he read her letter.

* * * * *

A hot August sun beating down on the tin roofs of Gulch Town and the whizzing song of the locust was the only sound. The streets were deserted with the exception of a pack of dogs lying in the shade of the store, and three horses with drooping head and hanging bridle reins, standing in front of the saloon, waiting for their masters, who had gone to quench their thirst or get greater one.

With much laughter and passing of coarse jokes the men came out side, accompanied by the whole male population of the place. “Oh, say,” one of the cow boys exclaimed, turning to the bar tender, who stood in a “heavy villain” attitude in the doorway. “Member that Jack Derwent, who is going to fill the first person with lead that asks him to drink?” “Yep, what of him?” “Well, the foreman of the U. U. is he, with about forty or fifty men under him. And let me tell you, he is a bad man to fool with, so if I have any regard for my carcass, I wouldn't ask him to drink. See!”

When the round August moon rose, the out riders of the U. U. came trooping in town, and the men from Dixon's trail heard and the a—h outfit scenting fun or scrap, both dear to the soul of the cow puncher, came in as the evening advanced, until the barroom was filled with a reckless turbulent crowd of men, that feared neither God nor the Devil. “They lived with death before their eyes and died with their boots on,” as one of them expressed it.

Some one proposed drinks and eager and thirsty they lined to the bar, tossing aside cigarettes and cigars.

One of the men glancing toward the door chuckled. “Say, boys,” he said, with a slow Texan drawl, “here comes the foreman of the U. U. Ask him to join us?” “Not on your life,” was the quick reply. “I propose to live awhile longer.” “The man that asks me to drink, dies,” quoted a second. “Oh, shucks! That's all a bluff, bet the drinks to the crowd, he'll come like a lamb.”

“Ask and see.”

"All right, its your treat then," and lounging out of the door, the Texan proceeded toward the post office where Jack had just dismounted.

"Hey, Pard," he called, "its my treat, come over and have one with me."

Jack turned slowly, his face set and his eyes gleaming somberly from the heavy brows. "Do you mean that," he asked.

"Sure," said the other, his hand shifting easily to his hip.

"Then, you dog, take that." A puff of smoke, a flash and two shots rang out together.

Jack stood there, a grim smile on his face, a clean cut hole in his hat, watching the Texan as he half turned and fell a huddled heap in the dust.

There was a sudden rush from the saloon and in an instant the two were surrounded by a circle of angry men.

"Boys," said one, "this is murder." "Aye, but he was warned," muttered a man on the outskirts. Jack stood, the still smoking revolver in his hand and said, "I gave you all warning and am ready to take the consequences."

"Pard," said the post master, "you had no reason."

"Reason! man!" turning fiercely upon him. "Read that and tell me if I was not justified." With a swift gesture he thrust a worn letter, the letter he had given him a long before, into his hand.

"Yes, read it," murmured the crowd, as they pushed close. Unfolding the letter, the post master began:—"For months I have heard nothing from you, and now I write again at your old address. Again you have tailed. Oh, Jack, how could you, after promising so faithfully to keep from the cursed stuff, and Jack, my heart is broken, for our baby boy is dead. Died because I could not get medicine and food and fire for him, and you were the cause. You! You! May God forgive you for I never can, and I pray you may suffer as you have made us suffer. God helping me I will never look on your face again. Remember that you have given up all a man holds most dear, wife, home and child, for that cursed stuff."—

He paused and looked around, a hoarse murmur arose, and the crowd parted leaving a lane, down which Jack walked to where his horse was standing, and vaulting lightly into the saddle, rode slowly away toward the fast darkening foot hills.



AT TWILIGHT.



PRIZE POEM BY HELEN GRAY.

The golden sunset's clouds are dimmed
The sky is cold and gray,
From nowhere rise the cool night winds,
So fades the weary day.

The hurrying clouds go by above
Like tired flocks to the fold,
Save some small islands faintly tinged
By the sun's last rays of gold.

The weary cattle low at the gate
Awaiting the milkmaid's call.
The sleepy birds stir in their nests,
Then darkness covers all.

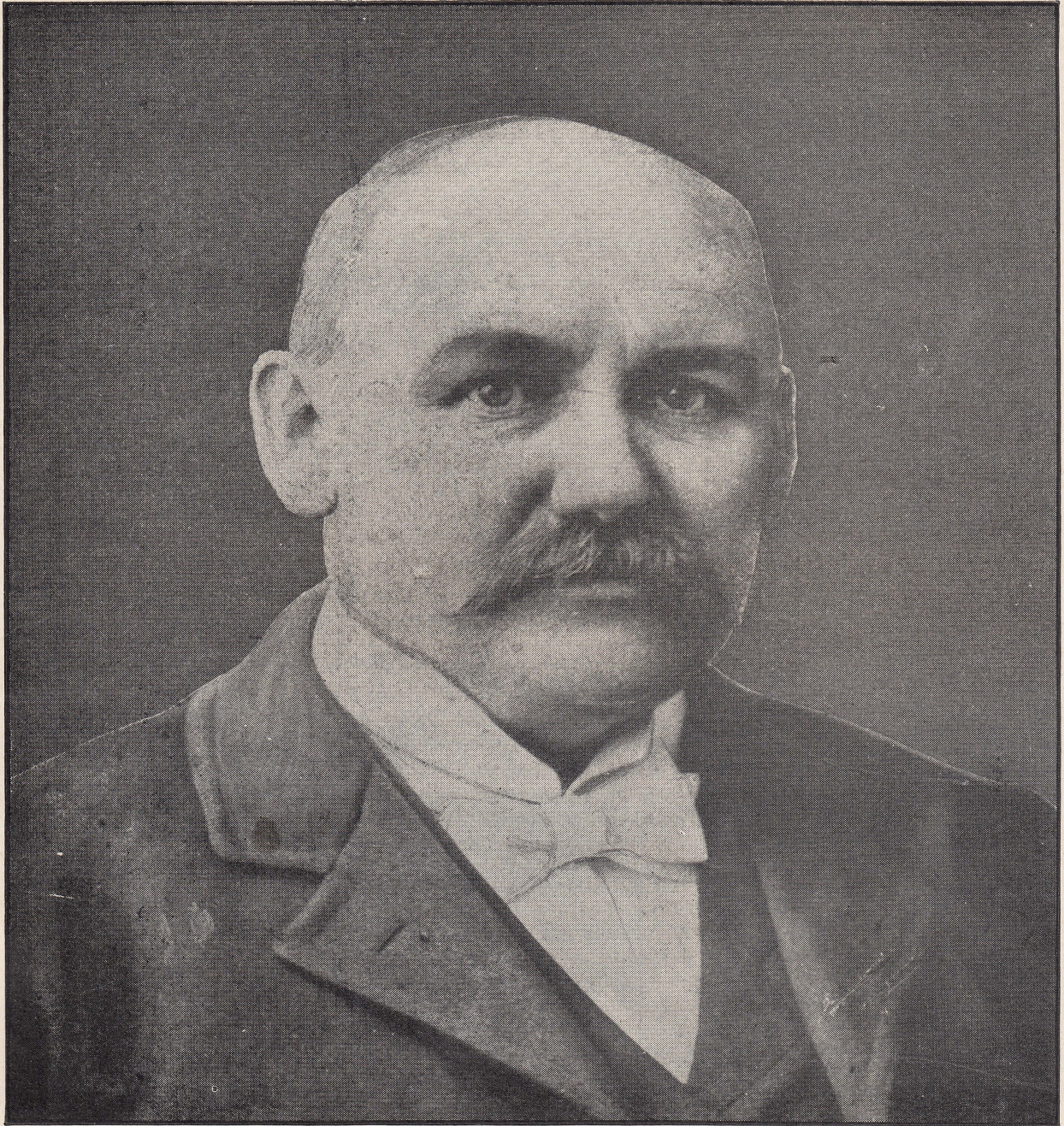
So fades the uncertain light of day
So tired, so faint, to sleep,
The wearying noise and din all sink
To quiet, sweet and deep.



It happened in a crowded car in Chicago. Tired women were sitting uncomfortably crowded, and tired men were standing. All were in an ill humor. The car swung rapidly around a curve and one of the men who had been standing, a very ordinary citizen, found himself suddenly seated in a lady's lap. He rose at once, and politely lifting his hat, said, "I beg your pardon, I, am a foreigner."

No one caught the force of his remarks, but the countenances of all speedily changed when he explained,

"You see, I am a Laplander."



*H. P. LITTLE,
SUP'T MOMENCE UNION SCHOOLS.*

H. P. LITTLE.

The fact that the great sun has of late acquired a fickle temper and frequently refuses to shine, disturbs not the pupils of the Momence High School for the Little sun was always present, with his cheery humor to dispel the gloom.

When the black clouds of dissention arise and the thunder rolls ominously, instead of hiding behind the clouds, he so persistently pours diplomatic light upon them, that they soon disappear and all is serene and pleasant again. He does not try to attract attention or magnify himself by shining thru the colored glass of affectation, and whatever his penetrating rays fall upon, appears in the original and true light. Not only on the High School, but on all of the Momence Schools, does he lavishly shed his warm beams, and causes the young sprouts to shoot upward.

The great motto of his life is promptness in all things: willing, and never behind time, he is always to be relied on in cases of emergency.

Faithful and honest hearted he is, and, as the Little sun of the Momence Schools has disappeared beyond the horizon of High School life, cold and deep is the gloom that has settled thereon.

The following is a very brief account of his life.

H. P. Little was born at Cerro, Gordo, Ill., on March 6th, 1858.

His father was at that time a member of the Illinois conference, and a rule of that organization required all regular pastors to move as often as once in two years. The family lived successively at Cerro Gordo, Decatur, Taylorville, Virden, Delavan, Beardstown, Urbana, Lincoln, Bloomington, Quincy, and then moved back to Lincoln.

At the age of fourteen Mr. Little entered the Illinois Wesleyan University at Bloomington and attended that institution for three years. He then kept books for a firm of wood dealers, at Quincy, for one year, after which he took charge of his grandfather's farm at Perry, Iowa, and ran it for four years. He then entered the University of Illinois with the class of '83, graduating in the school of Chemistry, College of Natural History, with the degree of B. S.

After finishing the course at the University he taught school for two years in the country, then four years at Sadorus, Ill., and one year at Rantoul, Ill. Here he met his "finish," for, after teaching two years at Momence, he suddenly brought one of his High School pupils of that city, Miss Mabel Morris, to share his joys and sorrows. To them have been born five children four of whom are living.

Shortly before coming to Momence, Mr. Little took the four days "grind," as the state examinations are called, and succeeded in landing a state certificate, good for life.

He now proposes to drop the business of teaching and adopt that of manufacturing, so as to lay up a large amount of property, for his old age. He declares that teaching is the most delightful business in which he has ever engaged—but "There's no money in it," and money is something which a married man MUST HAVE. Selah.

ANITA.

BY LAURA KELSEY.

At the door of the Opera House in one of our most influential cities stood a slender little Italian fruit girl of some ten years of age, waiting for her generous customers to stream forth from the interior.

She had learned from experience that people were disposed to buy of her upon coming from long wearisome rehearsals, but she was also attracted to the spot by the fact that she could from her station, eagerly listening, often catch strains of intricate Operas, to carry home and faithfully reproduce on her violin, the one all-absorbing thought of her life being that of her violin and she was from mere babyhood, a prodigy in the art.

At last the great doors swung open and the little Anita was kept busy supplying her patron's wants from her stand, until the last few stragglers had departed. As she was gathering up her wares, a young man, the leader of the orchestra came slowly down the steps and the child's sad little face brightened somewhat as he greeted her.

Bowed down and crushed by his own overwhelming sorrow in lately losing his only sister, Helene, Robert Allsworth, had been strongly attracted to the little dark eyed fruit girl, by the look of unutterable pain and sorrow which rested so strangely upon her face, and had become quite friendly with her. Today, it seemed to him that the great eyes were fuller than usual of their untold story of suffering and instantly divining the cause he said gently, "Take these and get something to help the mother" and reaching into his pocket he pulled his hand out full of loose coins which he emptied quickly into the basket on her arm. Amply rewarded by the look of unconscious relief which spread over her olive tinted face, he hurried away to his desolate quarters. Anita meanwhile hastened swiftly thru the streets to the darker, meaner, portion of the city, entering at last a wretched little hovel situated at the extreme end of the alley. Stepping to the side of a bed where on lay a young and beautiful tho wasted woman, she was soon busy conversing in the soft sibilants of her native tongue.

The sick woman's face was a somewhat childish tho very earnest one. Her luxuriant hair was loosely parted over a broad brow and extended far below her waist line. The mouth was sweet and tender and drooped at the corners like a grieved nun's. The most striking part of her features was her great brown eyes, Anita's own which gave to her whole face an ineffable look of sadness.

At her request the beloved violin was taken from the shelf held sacred to it and both took route for fairy land itself upon the bridge—like golden vibrating notes of Schumad's "Trau-merei" the dream song, of dream songs. After a first shiver as from an icy clutch at her heart, the dying woman leaned back on her pillows and went back into a past which she had fancied forgotten. Dreaming, dreaming of the dear old days in Sunny Italy, of him whose name she bore, who used to bring his violin and play to her when the twilight came and they sat together in the sun's last warm glow. He was in his grave now, and this tune flowing on and on, spoke of those old memories and with a moving sweetness awoke all the laments of her lonely soul.

At last the music stopped and fearing to awaken her mother from the reverie into which she had fallen, Anita stole softly out, intending to procure for her those articles which the doctor had with a forlorn hope advised.

Always a timid and sensitive child it was a trial for her to at any time pass after dark thru crowded street and now her heart filled with evil forebodings for the condition of her mother whom she adored with all her childish strength, she became bewildered and upon attempting to cross a crowded thoroughfare, was suddenly struck down by a reckless cab driver's sudden swerve of his horse and was carried unconscious to the hospital.

Here the child lay for days and days motionless and silent—At last with returning sensibility, she cried unceasingly for her mother until thinking she had been merely stunned and was now recovered, the hospital authorities allowed her to go and with a sort of hazy cloud over her mind which she herself could not understand Anita went as in a dream to the old home and once more entered the familiar little room.

Her quick eye sought the corner where she had been wont to receive a tender greeting but to-day she saw it was empty. Intuitively she knew all. Forsaken by her child, friendless and alone, the long struggle had ended and her mother had been taken away. With a low moan she flung herself upon the pallet. For hours she lay there. Not a sound escaped her. Occasionally a tremor swept over the slender form and was gone. At times the fingers clasped convulsively about the pillow where last the dear head had rested. Twilight came on and but a faint streak of golden light shot in thru the open doorway, gilding with splendor the squallor which the deepening dusk so mercifully concealed.

At last she slowly rose, took her violin and began to play. There was an old, old look on the face of the child and she gazed with wide unseeing eyes into the murky shadows of the room, playing on and on. With no one to hear, only the beloved instrument to comfort, she poured out her story; the happy, happy days of so long ago, vague, mystic, memories of her babyhood. Then sorrow, desolation and want; sickness and privation. All the longing of her little soul for that which is bright and beautiful. All the darkness and dreariness which had been granted her and still the wonderful music flowed on and on and on.

Meanwhile Robert Allsworth, alarmed by the continued absence of his little friend, inquired of the kindly old Irish woman on the corner as to Anita's home and resolved to seek her out.

Picking his way among the heaps of refuse which always abound in such quarters he had sought all day with no result when, just as he was about to give up the search in despair, the clear notes of a violin fell on his ear and he was held spellbound by the beauty, strength and tenderness which constituted the few opening measures of Anita's song. Listening, as she poured out her tragic story, he knew at once that he had found her and with some nameless fear tugging at his heart, he entered the little hovel before which he was standing and spoke to her. He seemed to possess some strange subtle influence over the child. Without a word she followed him to his own home and in all the days of fever and delirium which immediately followed, only he could govern her wild ravings and fanatic impulses. Upon her recovery her mind was a blank. She lived only for Robert. Her great brown eyes followed him as long as he was in her sight and only for him would she ever again play. Then, all she could produce was that wailing symphony which she had first played there alone in the old home.

One night, as the famous leader was about to take his place and arrange the music for that evening's performance, he felt a tug at his sleeve and upon looking down, saw to his consternation that Anita had followed him to the Opera House, before which she had so long ago stood and cried her wares. She held her violin clasped tightly to her breast and in her large appealing eyes, upturned to his face, he read the beseeching request to be allowed to remain by his side. No one could have the heart to refuse a child in her condition and upon his gladly granting her wish she crouched at his feet like a faithful dog and drank in the music of that evening's Opera.

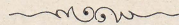
Toward's the evening's close, a sudden resolve shone in the great leader's face and with a quick movement stooped and lifted the child to her feet saying softly "Anita, play for me!" She sighed deeply, fixed her yearning eyes upon her protector's face and began. After the first few notes a hush, awful in its silence, swept over the audience. Whatever it was, it spoke with a moving sweetness and the great hall was filled with music of such awful tenderness and strength that it seemed absurd to connect it with so small a performer. Sweet as it was

it went hand in hand with pain. A sorrowfullness crept, as if unawares, into the thread of the song. A darkness, unbroken by one faint gleam of light, obscured all else. With icy clutches at their hearts, they listened spellbound. At last, mournful, inexpressably mournful, the sound died away in one long note, rising and falling, fading away like a tired soul sinking to rest and the house was hushed in a deathlike stillness, a silence literally felt.

Soon the applause broke thunderously forth, flowers rained upon the little figure standing there so motionless. For a brief second she stood thus, until, with the blank look entirely gone from her face, she turned toward Robert and smiled a wan little smile. At last, with great roses and violets falling about her in clouds, she let her violin creep slowly down her side until it rested on the floor—then she slipped softly down beside it and lay there, a pitiful little heap of white—Anita, too, was at rest.



BEFORE TAKING THE GERMAN EXAMINATION.



(A tear-stained fragment found by the janitor.)

The German is coming, this afternoon,
The sun is setting for me, O!
Farewell to you all, I know I will fail,
Good-bye to your old friend, Bert, O!





MRS. ALICE KÄLLANDAR.

ALICE GRAY KÄLLANDER.



Alice Gray Källander was born Sept. 25, 1868. She attended the Momence Public School, finishing the course and beginning to teach when seventeen. She taught with the aim of saving enough to go at least one year to college, and in 1888 she entered Northwestern University. She found that any one who is really in earnest about an education will find many ways of helping one's self, and for two years she acted as assistant to Professor Clark of the English department at the Northwestern. This gave an income besides being a fine drill in correcting and revising essays.

Upon her graduation, she was elected a member of Phi Beta Kappa, the only Greek letter society of America, which is recognized abroad; an honor given for scholarship.

She taught about ten years mostly in Cook County, part of the time in grade work, part in High School work at Blue Island and here in Momence.

She is an enthusiastic teacher, one who regards teaching as her profession, and teaching in general as a work which, in importance, is second only to that of the mother.



LADY MACBETH.



ESSAY BY DENA MILLER.

In the first act of the great drama, Shakespeare introduces Lady Macbeth. She is reading a letter from her warrior husband who tells of his great success in the field of battle and also of a temptation that has come to him; for on account of his great popularity, he can easily become the ruler by doing away with the present king, Duncan.

Lady MacBeth's reception of this epistle brings out two of her chief characteristics: her great love for her husband, which makes his slightest wish her deepest desire; and her ambition for fame and honor for herself and Macbeth, which is so great that it makes her ignore the means of obtaining it.

Lady Macbeth never had any vague, half-formed plans. With her to think was to act. She knows Macbeth's nature perfectly. She knows how badly he wants to be king and how he would so like to keep his honor, too. She knows that he will never do anything if he is not urged, so she resolves to encourage and sustain him in his evil designs.

When she is suddenly informed by a messenger that her husband is coming home, and that the king is about to honor them by a visit, she is quick to realize her opportunity. She summons all her self-control, deadens all her natural pity, and boldly encourages Macbeth to kill his king. Urged on by her logic and by his own desire, he, finally, reasons himself into believing that this is the time for action, but he keeps deciding not to do it, and has to be constantly

urged on by his wife. She plans the murder, prepares the room for the king, drugs his servants, and would have committed the murder herself, but the gray-haired king, sleeping so peacefully and trustfully, reminded her of her father, and she could not harm him. Leaving the groom's dagger handy so that everything would be easy, she sends Macbeth to do the deed, and waits for him till he returns. In his hurried exit from the room after killing Duncan, her husband brings the accusing daggers with him. Here the height of Lady Macbeth's daring and dogged determination is shown. She seizes the daggers from the trembling Macbeth, and returns to the murdered man and deliberately sprinkles blood from him upon the sleeping servants in attendance and drops the daggers upon their beds.

As anticipated Macbeth is chosen successor to King Duncan, and so Lady Macbeth is crowned Queen of Scotland, but the poor woman is exceedingly unhappy; for she repents most bitterly having caused the death of the king. Nor is this all or even the worst of her troubles. Having begun his career in wickedness Macbeth is obliged to continue in the same path. He no longer needs her physical encouragement to carry out his plans, but her mental acquiescence is craved and she freely gives it.

At a great state banquet the newly crowned king is badly upset by the ghost of one of his recent victims. Here, the queen, her ever quick sympathy divining the cause of his disturbance, shields her lord from criticism of the guests and finally dismisses them, saying the king is sick.

The cause of the king's "sickness" is soon guessed and, his real character being known, the people turn against him, and the rightful heir takes possession of the throne by force of arms. When Macbeth is trying to retain the throne, and win back the admiration of the people by the brilliancy of his military genius, but is failing, Lady Macbeth strives to keep him up. She evidently writes him long letters and encourages him, for while excitement is at the highest she begins walking in her sleep. She will first sit and write a letter then while still asleep, she lives over and over the horrors she has seen; first she thinks she is washing Duncan's blood from her hands, then, she is assuring her husband that he has not seen a ghost at the banquet, then, she remembers a woman that has been killed in the general campaign, then, she goes back to some particular in the first murder, and from that to something else. It is in this scene that we first thoroly realize how keenly she suffers, and how she has forced herself to be cruel and wicked, just because she thot it was best for her husband. Her mind finally gives way under the strain, and, just as her husband is watching the approach of a great force toward his last weakly manned castle, Lady Macbeth was reported dead and rumor said that it was greatly feared that she had committed suicide.

At heart Lady Macbeth was never really wicked, and it is indeed a shame that so forceful and yet so loving a character, should have been so misled by circumstances, that she was referred to as, "his fiend-like queen."

"KNOW YOUR OPPORTUNITY."

PRIZE COMIC BY ESTHER GRAY.

This most worthy saying is the motto of an honorable senior class not very far away and, with apologies to them, I will endeavor to show how a practical application of this motto was made in common walks of life.

There is in every family, some domestic animal, which to them is about the most interesting creature alive. In this peculiar family, the animal happened to be a little old horse called Pepper. He was a ragged, chunky runt, and his worst habit was biting. If a girth was pulled too tight, or you happened to tickle him, you had to look out for his teeth.

One summer, on a warm morning, Pepper had lost his shoes, and some one had to take him to the blacksmith's. As I had nothing to do, I was selected as the victim, and straightway began to prepare Pepper for the trip. By great toil and persuasion, I managed to hitch him to the buggy, and we started on our way rejoicing.

The blacksmith was a pleasant man, and did not seem to dread his task in the least. As I had no errand to do, I thought I would stay and watch Pepper get shod. He stepped very gingerly to his place, and eyed the blacksmith suspiciously. All went well until it came to shoeing Pepper's fore feet. The horse was a little tired, and I knew trouble was coming.

As the blacksmith leaned over in the process of putting on the shoe, Pepper turned and looked at me very dolefully, and seemed to ask me to get him out of there. As he turned his head back in place a sudden thought seemed to strike him, "Why not bite this tormentor, while he was in such a tempting position?" THEN, Pepper knew his opportunity, and promptly bit the unsuspecting blacksmith.

Never, can I forget the excited exclamations of the infuriated man, and never can I be made to repeat them! He hopped first on one foot then on the other, all the time, grasping the rear of his trousers, as if the pressure relieved his pain. He could not be induced to proceed with the shoeing, so vainly trying to restrain my laughter, I led the vicious Pepper home in disgrace, and he was very happy in having accomplished his purpose.



HISTORY OF CLASS OF 1903.



DEAR JUNIORS:—

It is a very difficult and serious matter to write the history of the seniors. If we really told all the truth about the wonders we have accomplished, we know you would very much dislike publishing it because of the contrast yours would make with it.

Some one who ought to know has said, that "we were about the brightest class that has been thru the high school," but we are not conceited in the least. Indeed, considering the circumstances, we are very modest. As a rule, too, we are an industrious earnest, conscientious class, and we have never done anything worse than stop a clock or short circuit an electric bell. Most of our pre-meditated pranks have been done as a class, so that our friendly, but order-loving teachers might not bring discomfort to the instigator of the rumpus. For example, in the first year we had a habit of attending in a body every funeral that we could possibly claim any interest in. We never had to make up lessons missed while attending church so part of us went as a mark of respect to the deceased and the rest of us went along for a vacation.

We would not tell about this conspiracy for fear it would have a corrupting influence, but we know the present freshmen are too wisdom loving to desire a vacation.

The public is well informed as to our early career, for it was plainly tho briefly told in the "Year Book for 1902." Since that history was written, our accomplishments have increased in the usual geometrical progression, with $r = 2$.

Certain latent qualities have been developed: being the highest class brings out a certain air of mastery which if not indulged in to a superlative degree produces accuracy, punctuality, method and executive ability. By our course of training in grammar and composition, we have developed such remarkable beauty of expression that we verily believe Mrs. Källander has us write essays so she can have the fun of correcting them!

We tried to present to you the principal facts in the life of each of us, and ordered a biography from each member, but, unfortunately, nearly every one of these papers fell into the hands of other seniors, so they became sadly distorted. It was discovered that one of us was born in 1790 and plowed and husked corn when but two years old. One of the girls commenced to talk at birth and to dance at three months of age. Another girl claims to have descended from a sunbeam. The "gift of gab" is quite common, and beauty is so common it is almost overlooked.

Mattie, Carrie, Dena, Esther,
Edith, Ivy, Edna and Niles,
Varnum, Sarah, Bonnie, bless her,
Marion, Flora, Frank and Blanch.
This is the class of seniors sober
Whom you all love and respect.
All their ways could not be nobler
Their records show not one defect.

SENIORS.



THE SENIOR CLASS.

1. *Illegible text*
 2. *Illegible text*
 3. *Illegible text*
 4. *Illegible text*
 5. *Illegible text*
 6. *Illegible text*
 7. *Illegible text*
 8. *Illegible text*
 9. *Illegible text*
 10. *Illegible text*
 11. *Illegible text*
 12. *Illegible text*
 13. *Illegible text*
 14. *Illegible text*
 15. *Illegible text*
 16. *Illegible text*
 17. *Illegible text*
 18. *Illegible text*
 19. *Illegible text*
 20. *Illegible text*
 21. *Illegible text*
 22. *Illegible text*
 23. *Illegible text*
 24. *Illegible text*
 25. *Illegible text*
 26. *Illegible text*
 27. *Illegible text*
 28. *Illegible text*
 29. *Illegible text*
 30. *Illegible text*
 31. *Illegible text*
 32. *Illegible text*
 33. *Illegible text*
 34. *Illegible text*
 35. *Illegible text*
 36. *Illegible text*
 37. *Illegible text*
 38. *Illegible text*
 39. *Illegible text*
 40. *Illegible text*
 41. *Illegible text*
 42. *Illegible text*
 43. *Illegible text*
 44. *Illegible text*
 45. *Illegible text*
 46. *Illegible text*
 47. *Illegible text*
 48. *Illegible text*
 49. *Illegible text*
 50. *Illegible text*
 51. *Illegible text*
 52. *Illegible text*
 53. *Illegible text*
 54. *Illegible text*
 55. *Illegible text*
 56. *Illegible text*
 57. *Illegible text*
 58. *Illegible text*
 59. *Illegible text*
 60. *Illegible text*
 61. *Illegible text*
 62. *Illegible text*
 63. *Illegible text*
 64. *Illegible text*
 65. *Illegible text*
 66. *Illegible text*
 67. *Illegible text*
 68. *Illegible text*
 69. *Illegible text*
 70. *Illegible text*
 71. *Illegible text*
 72. *Illegible text*
 73. *Illegible text*
 74. *Illegible text*
 75. *Illegible text*
 76. *Illegible text*
 77. *Illegible text*
 78. *Illegible text*
 79. *Illegible text*
 80. *Illegible text*
 81. *Illegible text*
 82. *Illegible text*
 83. *Illegible text*
 84. *Illegible text*
 85. *Illegible text*
 86. *Illegible text*
 87. *Illegible text*
 88. *Illegible text*
 89. *Illegible text*
 90. *Illegible text*
 91. *Illegible text*
 92. *Illegible text*
 93. *Illegible text*
 94. *Illegible text*
 95. *Illegible text*
 96. *Illegible text*
 97. *Illegible text*
 98. *Illegible text*
 99. *Illegible text*
 100. *Illegible text*

Everything went off smoothly and all united in making this event a decided success.

PROGRAM.

I	Orchestra.	
II.	Invocation,.....	Rev Palmquist
III.	Quartette,	Carrie Spry, Marie Wennerholm, Lenoir Pifer, Leigh Kelsey
IV	ORATIONS.	
1	"The Coming Climax,".....	Lloyd Crosby
2	"The True American,".....	Sarah Hanson
3	"American Influence,".....	Varnum Parish
V	Instrumental Duet,...	Esther Gray Mrs. Kallander
VI	DECLAMATIONS.	
1	"Kentucky Belle,".....	Virgie Tabler
2	"A Telephone Romance,".....	Bonnie Weaver
3	"As the Moon Rose,".....	Floy Brown
4	"Prayer of Rehoboam,".....	Laura Brady
5	"The Unknown Rider,".....	Ina Hess
VII	Violin Solo.	Julius Blanke
VIII	Presentation of Cups to the Association,	Miss L. Emma Griffin
	Response,.....	President Varnum Parish
IX	Orchestra.	
X	High School Chorus.	
XI	Presentation of Prizes.	
XII	Benediction.....	Rev. Seaman

A FEAST OF REASON.

TOAST MASTER AND CARVER, VARNUM PARISH.

"Now good digestion wait on appetite and health on both.

MUSIC.

<i>ménu.</i>

FIRST COURSE.

"Blue Points."

"Why then the world's mine oyster,
which I with sword will open."

SECOND COURSE.

Meats, Roasts, and otherwise.

"Be to her virtues very kind,
Be to her faults a little blind."

THIRD COURSE.

Salad.

"A combination, and a form indeed."

FOURTH COURSE.

Dessert.

"If you have tears to shed, prepare to
shed them now."

Our Course of Study,
MARTH E. BAECHLER.

Our Teachers, BLANCHE M. WILSON
Our History, BONNIBELL O. WEAVER
Statistics, FRANK W. GARRETT.

MUSIC.

Poem, MARION E. SEARLS.
Story, NILES I. PORTER.
Recitation, FLORA DAYTON.
Parody, EDITH BENNETT.

MUSIC.

Prophesy, DENA MILLER.
Class Gifts, EDNA J. DAYTON.
Advice to Undergraduates,
ESTHER M. GRAY.

MUSIC.

SENIOR PROGRAM.

On Monday morning May 4, 1903, the following verse might have been seen on the black-board of the north-room:

"At eight o'clock next Thursday night,
That is at early candle light,
Put on your trappings bright and gay,
And tell your traps to drive this way,
To see a trapped mouse free at last,
And, in a trap, a man caught fast."

Of course great was the curiosity, as to what it would be, and many satisfied their desire by visiting the Philomathean Hall on May 7, 1903.

They enjoyed the following miscellaneous program given by the Seniors:

Round, "Three Blind Mice," - - - - - Seniors
An original Story, - - - - - Mattie Baechler

Quartette "Three Little Mice," { Sarah Hanson,
Carrie Spry,
Blanche M. Wilson,
Esther Gray.

Poem, "To a Mouse," - - - - - Ivy B. Porter
Reading, "How We Caught a Mouse," - - - - - Sarah H. Hanson

HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA.

FARCE---A MOUSE TRAP.

Following is the cast of Characters:

Mrs. Somers. Bonnie Weaver
Willis Campbell, Varnum Parish
Mrs. Bemis, Blanche Wilson
Mrs. Roberts, Carrie Spry
Mrs. Miller, Edna Dayton
Mrs. Curwen, Esther Gray
Jane, Dena Miller

The play was not only excitable but nearly resulted in tragedy.

Mr. Parish acted the part of Mr. Campbell and he seemed to be entirely at ease upon the stage.

The class with all its talent could not have selected another so gracefully and successfully to fill the place of Mrs. Somers as did Miss Weaver.

The Misses Dayton, Gray, Spry and Wilson acted their parts, of the four fashionable society ladies with great skill.

Lastly came Jane. Her part was well taken and caused much amusement.

In fact the Senior program was a success, and the members of the class of 1903 are grateful to the people for their patronage.

MISS L. EMMA GRIFFIN.



According to the latest, most improved false report obtainable, the year 1835 was the eventful one which was honored by the birth of Miss L. Emma Griffin. As we have no way of proving its fallacy we merely pass it by and suppose that she spent her childhood as children do, until her eighth year when she started to school. From the fact that she began teaching the fall before she was sixteen, hardly eight years after she entered school, we infer that her school life was accompanied by hard persistent labor.

Whatever might have been her lot as a school girl, her career as a teacher has been a remarkable one. Not remarkable because of the honor and praise that she has received, but because of her faithfulness and untiring efforts in doing all in her power for the advancement and welfare of her pupils.

When she was yet in her fifteenth year, before she had completed her school work, the board of directors of the "toughest" school in the vicinity came to her and so persistently urged her to teach their school that at last she complied with their request, and teaching has been her occupation from that time to this. She has taught five schools outside of Moomence, one of which was in Indiana, and she has taught every grade in the Central School from the first primary, to the highest class in the high-school.

She had no trouble governing her first school, nor has she had any trouble in that line since. But to say that she has had no trouble as a teacher would be doing her a cruel injustice. For who can be a conscientious teacher and not feel the pangs of mental suffering? Who could see her pupils wasting their time and throwing their talents to the winds, perhaps seeing her boys traveling the road to ruin and destruction, without feeling the terrible load of responsibility resting upon her? It is the exception and not the rule which most severely taxes the power of the teacher and proves her ability. Think how the parents feel when their children go contrary, and of how they study and plan to bring out the best that is in the young mind. Think of what must be the mental condition of the teacher who has to guide and develop, day after day, the children of forty parents. and of the teacher who has to carry the responsibility which the parent altogether too often neglects to shoulder and shifts onto the teacher. Think of these things, and then ask yourself if it is any wonder that Miss Griffin is prematurely gray and that her health is poor. Add to these the piles of papers to criticise, the lessons to prepare, all the trials of the class room and then wonder that she had the power to labor among us so faithfully these many years. She has spent the best part of her life for young people: "Service" has been her motto. And we are glad that we are not compelled to say good-bye.





MISS L. EMMA GRIFFIN,
ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL

THE STORY OF THE PRIZE ESSAY.

ESSAY BY DENA MILLER.

Miss Frances Blaine's select seminary for young ladies, is situated in Glenwood, a tiny town in Central New York. Miss Frances herself, was a woman of highest culture and of unquestionable business ability. This latter point she had proved in the management of her school. Being thrown upon her own resources ten years before, she had opened this school, and by the frequent addition of specialists to her staff of teachers, as well as frequent raisings of the price of tuition, she had made it one of the most popular schools in the state for the richer class of people.

The most wealthy and aristocratic of Miss Frances' patrons were the VanDykes. Honora VanDyke had been one of the first pupils of the seminary, and had carried off the honors of her Commencement day. Now, Edith VanDyke promises to follow her cousin's example.

Her spontaneity, generosity and wit made her the belle of all the little school social functions, and the leader of most of the private parties that went on in the rooms after the lights were supposed to be out.

A warm friendship existed between Miss Frances and Edith, for, Edith admired her teacher for her wisdom, and loved her quiet dignity which reminded her of her dead mother who had passed away only a little while before Edith had come to boarding school. Miss Frances declared privately that it was a pleasure to teach so clever a pupil and she was glad to have so bright a child to sustain the reputation of her school.

An hour before school time one morning, Miss Frances was at her study desk, preparing lessons for the next day, when Miss Lloyd, the matron, came in quietly and inquired of the teacher if she was very busy. "You see," she said, "I have a matter I think you ought to know about." The principal settled back in her chair, and turned her attention to the matron, while the latter thus encouraged, continued: "You know Squire Brown's son, George, left for Klondike the day after his wife was buried, and has never been heard from since? Well, he left his little daughter, Mary, I believe they call her, in charge of his widowed sister Jane. It was well known that the Squire very much disapproved of George's dissipation, but it was not suspected until after the will was read that the Squire had completely disinherited him, and, as he never knew there was a child, he left everything to Jane. Jane loved the child and took good care of her. She told me privately, that Mary would never suffer for want of funds, and that she meant to deed the child half of the property as soon as she was old enough. Then the Jones Bank failed, and all the Squire's money was lost. That was bad enough for the child, but now, her aunt is dead, she is, indeed, in a most pitiable condition. She has no money, no relatives that anyone knows about, and no friends who can afford to care for her. She is staying with the Johnson's now, but they are so poor and have so many of their own children, that they cannot keep her much longer."

Miss Frances was deeply interested in this recital, and the outcome of their interview came three days later, when the prim little principal herself, called at the Johnson home and asked to see little Mary.

Life at the Johnson's had been exceedingly disagreeable to Mary. She was a proud sensitive child, and during the twelve years of her life with her aunt, she had been trained to be honorable, truthful, upright and courteous. Nor had her intellectual development been neglected; for, she was unusually advanced for a child of her age. Mrs. Johnson, altho one of the kindest hearted women in the world, was very practical in her methods. She offered to take Mary "until things were settled," if she worked for her board. No one else had seemed to offer even as kind a proposition as this, so little Mary had gone home with Mrs. Johnson. What Mary did not know about housekeeping would have filled many volumes, and Mrs.

Johnson's patience was not of a staple character, so frequent differences of opinion was the result.

On the particular afternoon of Miss Frances' visit, Mary had been sent to her room to reflect on the evil of her ways, and consequently was not in an amiable frame of mind to receive visitors.

Miss Frances had come with a firm intention of taking the child home with her, and educating her, and expected Mary would be overjoyed at the prospect, as well she might have been.

While the principal was waiting in the little parlor, she was suddenly confronted by a small figure that expressed so many emotions that it was impossible to tell which one the heart meant.

On the announcement that she had a caller, Mary had straightened her plain brown dress and her fluffy brown hair, and trotted down stairs. She knew that it must be some one of importance, so she had decided on the way down that she would be very dignified, hence her appearance with tear-stained cheeks, eyes still sparkling from the indignation she had felt, and her little back as stiff and straight as a poker.

Miss Frances explained her proposition as briefly as possible, but, not knowing Mary, she probably did not explain her motives as tactfully as she might have; for, when she had finished speaking, instead of exclamations of joy, she was greeted by a silence, then a deep drawn sigh. "You want to make me a charity student, do you?" said Mary, with undue emphasis on the charity. "I have discovered the charms of independence and I think I can earn my own way, thank you," she added by way of explanation. To say that Miss Frances was surprised would express her mental condition very mildly, but her acute brain, accustomed to dealing with young people, quickly formed another plan, which would practically accomplish her own object, and yet appear to embody Mary's ideas. So she said, "Well Mary, if you have so decided, won't you come and work for me? You can help the chamber maid between times and have your lessons with the other girls, and if you wish, I will tell anybody that inquires, that you are really earning your own way.

This plan pleased Mary so she said she would be glad to come, but she wanted to work very hard. Thus Mary Brown became a student in the Glenwood Seminary and a class-mate of the impetuous aristocratic Edith VanDyke.

Two years and a half after the arrival of Mary and three and a half after Edith's coming, Miss Frances made an unusual announcement in which both girls were interested. A prize consisting of ten dollars worth of books of the winner's choosing, was offered for the best essay on any subject. The work was to be entirely original, and between one and five thousand words in length and to be finished by the first of March.

Almost everybody looked towards Edith, for her composition work was considered a marvel of excellence, but Miss Frances looked down in Mary's honest brown eyes, and smiled, as much as to say, "now is your chance, I know you can do it if you try." Mary resolved at once that she would write an essay.

By this time Mary had become almost indispensable to the establishment. The few light duties placed upon her by the principal, had been increased by the indolent house-maids, who imposed upon her willingness, so that now almost all the time she could possibly spare from her lessons was spent in the house work. However, she did not consider herself ill treated, for the teachers were very kind and Miss Frances had gone with her every summer to some summer resort. Once they had gone to the Adirondacks, and the next summer was spent in Montreal and cruising among the Thousand Islands.

Only two weeks were allowed in the writing of the essays, so the child was obliged to plan her work and lessons very closely, in order to gain the necessary time for writing. She arranged her occupations so that she could have both the Saturday afternoons, but unexpected

visitors came on the first Saturday and nothing was done.

The next Saturday was all important, for the essays must be finished by the following Monday. Mary had been thinking what she wanted to write while her hands were busy with their duties, consequently she knew fairly well what she would write. She felt that she could produce a really fine paper. After gathering together her materials and outlining her work carefully, she wrote steadily for half an hour. While she stopped to rest and admire this "child of her mind," a knock came at her door, and Irish Katy, the chamber-maid, looked in. "Would you mind lookin' into Miss Edith's room," she said, "her bell just rung, and I am all ready to go out. Its me cousin's wake I do be going to, too." Mary kindly promised to answer the bell, and expressed regret that Katy should be called away upon so mournful an errand. But it was with reluctance that Mary left the work she loved, to pass thru the long hall to the large airy room where Edith slept in splendid loneliness.

She expected to fulfill her errand in a few minutes and speed back to her work, but she no sooner arrived than she concluded to spend all the time that was needed there. Edith was lying on the bed with her eyes closed before Mary entered, but at the opening of the door she looked up, and seeing who it was, exclaimed, "Oh Mary, I'm so glad its you instead of Katy. I'm so sick, I thought my head would split when I raised up to ring the bell." Mary was all sympathy; she begged Edith to let her try rubbing the ache away, then, finding she was doing no good, she went to call Miss Lloyd. A few minutes afterward she was speeding away to good Dr. Lane; for, Miss Lloyd soon discovered that Edith had a high fever. After she returned, Edith stretched out her hot hand for the cool, soft one and said, "You are so good, Mary, I guess I will be all right in a few days. Katy wouldn't have thought of helping me half so much as you have." She paused a few minutes then spoke again. "I wonder how I am ever going to get my essay copied. It seems as though I couldn't bear to have it go unfinished. I worked so hard on it and had it all done, ready to copy. I did want that prize, so bad! I never had so good a chance before."

Mary's thoughts went quickly back to her own composition. Didn't she want that prize too? How she would revel in ten dollars worth of books, all her very own! Then she remembered the Dr's face when, as he was leaving, he met Miss Frances coming thru the hall and whispered, "poor child, she's in for a siege. You must be very careful with her." Mary's kind heart instantly mastered her ambition, and she answered calmly and cheerfully, "Don't you worry, I'll copy it for you and it will be all right. Just tell me where it is."

So Mary went back to her room with a bundle of papers in her hands and, perhaps a heavy place in her heart where she had planned for her own work. She spent the few remaining hours of the day in conscientious work for her sick friend and as she worked that heavy place disappeared, for one who is following the Master's precepts, never suffers from the pangs of disappointment.

All thru her long sickness, Edith was cheered daily by short visits from her friend. They grew more and more intimate and learned to tell each other all their secret troubles, which became smaller and more insignificant by comparison.

On the proper day Mary placed Edith's work with the others then promptly forgot her little act of self sacrifice and went about her duties with her usual sober earnestness.

The news that Edith's essay was by all means the best that had been inspected, came just as the fever turned, and served to brighten and shorten the necessarily tedious period of convalescence.

Edith's father was deeply concerned about his daughter's illness, while her brother, Frank was even more anxious if possible. Her busy father's letters were brief epistles, but Frank's letters were really something to look forward to; for, he had either a short story to tell or else some new jokes or puns. One of these letters had a very important influence on our story. Its receiver was so surprised, and excited, and pleased, that she could not wait to send, but

went herself to Miss Frances, altho she had not been from her room before in weeks. Miss Frances read: "Did I ever tell you the story of my friend, George Brown? He told me all his troubles two or three weeks ago. It seems he married the daughter of a counterfeiter, and never dared tell his father of it. The girl was just as sweet and good and innocent as she could be. He said he was never so happy before as when a little daughter came to them. When the child was about seven years old the mother died. George thought he could never stand it to stay in that place without his wife, so he left the child in the care of his sister and went to the Klondike. He stayed there six years, working for other men and prospecting occasionally for himself. Finding a mine around there somewhere, he became rich as Croesus, so he came back home to use his wealth for his child. He didn't like to tell who he was because he had such a bad reputation in the town—altho I guess the worst thing he ever did was to marry his wife. When he reached home, he found that his father and sister were both dead, and his child had gone to Montreal with the principal of the boarding school. He took the next train for Montreal, spent six months looking for them, and all he found was their names on a hotel register. He is stopping here in New York for a few weeks, but he says he is going hunting again as soon he finds any place to hunt. Isn't it queer he doesn't find his little girl?"

Secret plans were quickly formed, a voluminous letter was sent to Frank, and Edith was so busy that Mary hardly had time to see her. A few days afterward a stranger came to see Mary Brown. She went into the reception room alone to meet him, the door closed behind her, there was a moment's silence, then, a cry of recognition.

Half an hour later Mary came from the reception room with her father. Edith, who had been busy telling the girls what was happening, rushed to meet her friend with a kiss and a hug that relieved her pent up emotions, and made Mary playfully beg for mercy.

Tho Mary regarded her good fortune as an especially kind dispensation of Providence, we are inclined to believe it was only a reward to the little girl who gave up her own ambition to help the unfortunate composer of the Prize Essay.



ENTERTAINED THE JUNIORS.



On Nov. 7, 1902, the Junior class was entertained by Mrs. Källander. The fore part of the evening was spent in guessing the identity of famous personages, whose portraits were scattered about the room. Later, local celebrities were guessed from silhouettes pinned upon the wall. Grades were then called for and altho one enterprising young lady answered 10 plus, it was found that the winning of the prizes lay between Edward Cleary and Bert Willis, they having "tied." Upon drawing lots, the lucky straw fell to Mr. Willis who was immediately presented with a burntwood napkin ring, of Mrs. Källandar's own workmanship.

A mentionable feature of the supper was the feeding of "Gaiter."

The unanimous declaration was that we had had "just a daisy of a time," and the progressive poetry writing is still uppermost in the minds of many Juniors.



MISS EDITH I. HARNEY.

EDITH ISABELLE HARNEY.

Edith Isabelle Harney, was born in Oshkosh, Wisconsin, 1883. The early part of her school life was spent in Oshkosh High School and Oshkosh State Normal, later she entered the Thomas N. Training School of Music, Detroit. She studied children's music with Jessie Sagnor, W. L. Tomlins, chorus training with W. H. Neidlieger and public school work with Topper and Ripley.

For seven years she was assistant principal in the grammar school at Oshkosh. Afterwards she taught music in the Everett School in Detroit. She has served as supervisor of work in music here, this being her third year.

Music is her favorite work as can be readily seen by the musical productions rendered by the school under her instruction. "The Dream of the Flowers" "Cradle Song of the Nations" besides several concerts having been given, and to use her own words, "I'm never so happy as when leading a good orchestra, or a good chorus."

*THAT CONTEST.**SERINA JOHNSON.*

"That Oratorical Contest
A comin' off in June,
Jest makes the people hustle
As if dancing to a tune.
My son is a goin' to speak
And wife and I must go
To see how he will come out
And to hear the people blow
About their sons and daughters
A speakin' out their best,
And about the other boys and girls
Of whom they'll surely jest.
Because they think their children
Will surely win the day,
And so it is that wife and I,
Are going to the play."

Commencement.

Invocation	- - - - -	Rev. E. A. E. Palmquist
Piano Solo,	- - - - -	Esther M. Gray
Salutatory, "Irish Leaders,"	- - - - -	Varnum Parish
Oration, "A Moral Shipwreck,"	- - - - -	Ivy B. Porter

MUSIC

Presentation of Class Memorial,	- - - - -	Carrie Spry
Response	- - - - -	Pres. of Class of '04,
Valedictory, "Know Your Opportunity,"	- - - - -	Sarah H. Hanson
Solo, "Through Eternity,"	- - - - -	Carrie Spry
Address,	- - - - -	Prof. H. P. Little

PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS.

Benediction,	- - - - -	Rev. R. B. Seaman.
--------------	-----------	--------------------

Class Motto,
"Know Your Opportunity."

Class Flower,
Jacqueminot Rose.

Class Colors,
Maroon and Cadet Gray.

Class Officers.

PRESIDENT,	- - - - -	VARNUM A. PARISH
SECRETARY,	- - - - -	EDNA J. DAYTON
TREASURER,	- - - - -	ESTHER M. GRAY

GRADUATES.

VARNUM PARISH.	BLENDENA A. MILLER,
MARION E. SEARLES,	IVY B. PORTER,
CARRIE SPRY,	MARTHA E. BAECHLER,
SARAH H. HANSON,	EDNA J. DAYTON,
FLORA M. DAYTON,	ESTHER M. GRAY,
EDITH BENNETT.	BLANCHE M. WILSON,
NILES I. PORTER,	BONNIBELL O. WEAVER,
FRANK W. GARRETT.	

THE LITERARY WORK OF THIS YEAR.

BY SARAH HANSON.

The Philomathian Society of the Momence High School has created much interest both in and outside of school. This year, the members of the Society have worked with unusual enthusiasm and have thereby gained a great deal, not only mere pleasure, but drill also in forming and making motions and in giving extemporaneous speeches.

During the first part of the year, we devoted most of our time to parliamentary drill and vocal music; altho we spent some time every day upon our music. As a result, we have a good chorus, the success of which is much due to Miss Edith I. Harney, our able supervisor of music.

The programs given by the Seniors and the Sophomores and that given by the Juniors and the Freshmen, in the fall of last year deserve especial mention. We also settled in an afternoon one of the most important national questions of that time, viz; that the action of the Anthracite Coal Miners was justifiable.

But, we might justly say that since Christmas, the time set aside for this organization has been used to great advantage. The members of the Society having been equally divided and captains chosen, it was decided that one of the two divisions should give a literary program every alternate two weeks. We devote thirty minutes before each program to parliamentary work. These half-hours have been periods in which many new things were learned, such as "to commit a question" and "rescind a motion." The programs also have been of the kind that are both knowledge and pleasure giving.

February 6 '03 was a Lincoln Program which was very instructive and interesting.

We celebrated Washington's birthday by giving a patriotic Cantata which proved a great success. The program consisted of many of our national airs, camp and war scenes and illustrated war and plantation songs.

The other interesting entertainments were the J. W. Riley Program given February 27th, St. Patrick's Day Program and a "Eugene Field" Program given in April. These various entertainments have been gotten up chiefly with the aim of acquainting us with some of our modern authors and what they have accomplished. Our aim has been partly realized and should the future classes continue with this work, it will surely be time well spent.

One of the most delightful times that we have experienced for quite a while was the afternoon that Rev. Higby, of the Episcopal Church gave us an address on "Criticism." Many points that we had never thought of, were brought up and stated so clearly and with such force that they could not fail to make a lasting impression upon us.

Our Society has been a source of much enjoyment, for it has served as a relief from our week's work. We hope that this work will continue to hold its place in the school and that the time will be used to the greatest advantage by all.

GREAT SPIRIT AND WHITE WOMAN STORY.

A white woman with an Indian guide was once crossing a lake of which the story was told that whoever spoke while journeying across its waters, would be immediately cast into its depths.

The white woman in order to demonstrate the absurdity of the story, spoke a few words just before reaching the shore. Nothing happening she rebuked the Indian for giving her such a solemn warning before venturing on the lake, but imagine her chagrin when the Indian remarked, "Huh! Great Spirit knew white woman couldn't hold her tongue."

CLASS GRINDS.

C-r - - e S - - y,

I divide my attention between the Junior and Senior classes.

N-l-s P-r - - r,

I am bashful and afraid of girls.

R-y S-o-t - - - ge,

Fresh as is the month of May.

M-m-e H-l-in,

Sauciness personified and sawed off.

V-r - - m P-r - - h,

So young, so fresh, so fair,
Upon your upper lip no hair.

R-y - - nd D-n - - s,

One vast, substantial smile.

L-yd C-o - - y,

He had a face like a benediction.

L-n- - r P-f-r,

Advanced he stands, of dreadful length and dangling arms.

L-u-a L-tt-e,

Her voice is but the shadow of a sound.

Class of '05,

They have a plentiful lack of wit.

F- - k V-n In-a- - n,

What's in a name?

F-a-k G- - - t - ,

How long, O, Lord, how long.

E-r- S-r - - t-r,

A wearisome condition of humanity.

Ed C - - a - y,

Lost in the depths of his own profundity.

H-r - - d S - n - s,

Hood's Sarsaparilla for that tired feeling.

L. E. G.,

Her presence hath power to warn, soothe, nay even to bless.

P - - ch K- - s-y,

Verily, thou talkest large for one small man.

C-yd- P-m-e - ,

My limbs are bowed tho not with toil.

M-t-e B- -c - - -r,

To doubt her fairness were to want an eye.

E - - h - r G - - y,

My hair is gray tho not from years.

H. P. L.

He was a man, take him all in all, I shall not look upon his like again.

C - - - -e S - - y,

For she will sing the savageness out of a bear.

M-r - e W- - n- r-h-l,

Such war of red and white within her cheeks.

L-u - a K-e l - - y,

Oh! I'm so "Happy!"

L - l - V - n -

Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw

V-r-m P - - - sh,

For even though vanquished, he could could argue still.

To the girls talking together:

"Men may come and men may go, but I go on forever."

L - i-h K - - s - y,

Arise! and shake the hayseed from off thee!

L - u - a C - om - n,

One of those charming pug noses, dear little knobs, for men to hang their hearts like hats upon.

B-n - - ie W - - v - r,

Condensed sweetness.

Freshmen,

What we know is very little, what we think we know is immense.

J - y G - - r - - t,

Mellin's Food makes healthy children.

B - r - W - l - - s,

Beneath his hat lie schemes and develtries.

A. G. K.

None know her but to love her,

None name her but to praise.

L-n - - r P-f - r.

Sweetness long drawn out.

S-r - h H - - s - n,

I awoke one morning and found myself famous.

CLASS GRINDS.



H - - - n G - - y,
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well.

B - - t W - - l - s,
I was not always a man of woe.

G - - r - - B - n - - - t,
And on her head an hat
As broad as a bockler target.

D - - - e - t R - - s - - n,
Full big he was and eek of bones.

M - - t - e G - - e - - l - ,
"And French she spake full faire and
fetysty.

A - - a T - m - l - - - n,
'That of her smyling was full simple and coy.'

H. P. L.,
"Full well they laughed,
With counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes,
For many a joke had he.

Freshmen,
Lovely, Fresh and Green.

Mr. R-n-t-om,
Regarding ink spots:
"Out d-m - - d spot! Out, I say!"

Seniors,
When they do agree,
Their unanimity is wonderful.

N - - - s P - - - - r,
Not one word spoke he more than was
need.

I-a H - - s,
One of the few immortal names,
That was not born to die.

C-r - - e C - a - k,
Of smalle houndes had she that she fed,
With roasted flesh or milk and wasted
bread.

B - n - - e W - - - - r,
Art thou a friend to Roderick?

E - C - - a - y,
"He coude songes make and well endite."

South Room,
"Order is Heaven's first law."

E. I. H.,
O! could you view the melody
Of every grace,
And music of her face,
You'd drop a tear,
Seeing more harmony
In her bright eye,
Than now you hear.

E - - a - d C - e - r y,
A little round, fat, oily man of God.

Seniors,
"Be not wise in your own conceit."

L - y- C - o - - y,
He thought as a sage, but he felt as a man.

B - a - ch W - l - - n,
A cap not much the worse for wear.

F - - y B - o - n,
Love, if thy tresses be so dark,
How dark those hidden eyes must be.

B - r - W - l - - s,
Who pens a stanza when he should engross.

D - na M - l - r,
Slowly and peacefully
She wendeth her way along.

DUST TO DUST.

A maid with a duster
Once made a great bluster,
A dusting a bust in the hall;
And when it was dusted
The bust it was busted,
And the bust now is dust—
That is all.

HEAR DEM BELLS.

The bells in the steeple go "ding
dong;"
The belles in society, "ping pong."

SECOND ANNUAL COUNTY ORATORICAL CONTEST.



With the flying of colors and giving of yells, the Second Annual Contest of the Kankakee Co. Oratorical Association opened at 8 P. M. in the Arcade Opera House, at Kankakee, Friday May 22, 1903. The hall was crowded with the friends and schoolmates of the contestants. Most of the High Schools of the county were represented both in oratory and declamation.

After the Invocation by the Presbyterian minister of Kankakee, and explanatory remarks by Pres. Jones, of Chebanse, the following program was given:

Program.

Invocation, Rev: E. A. E. Palmquist
Explanatory Remarks, Pres. W. E. Jones, of Chebanse.

Orations.

American Patriotism, Miss June Maekinzie, Chebanse
Alexander Hamilton, Willard J. Dixon, Kankakee
The Man Who Thinks, Harry Robillard, St. Anne
The True American, Miss Sarah Hanson, Momence
Piano Solo, Palmer Christian, Kankakee

Declamations.

How Cassie Saved the Spoons, Miss Nellie Listow, Chebanse
Tiger Lily's Race, Evelyn Paddock, Kankakee
Claudius and Synthia Ruby Dumontell, St. Anne
The Unknown Rider, Ina Hess, Momence
Musical Recital, by Talent from Competing Schools
Decision of Judges and Presentation of Medals by Pres. Soper, of Chicago.

The orations and declamations were all well delivered and deserved the hearty applause which each received.

The songs by Kankakee and Momence High Schools were apropos for the occasion and caused not a little excitement.

President Soper, of the Soper School of Oratory made a very appropriate speech and after keeping the audience and contestants in suspense for some time finally awarded the prizes, which were gold medals for first in both oration and declamation, and silver medals for seconds. The awards were as follows:

Willard J. Dixon, of Kankakee, 1st in Oratory.
Sarah Hanson, of Momence, 2nd.
Nellie Listow, of Chebanse, 1st in Declamation.
Ina Hess, of Momence, 2nd.

SOPHOMORE CLASS HISTORY.

XIX—XIX,

XIX—CV.

Black and gold—Naughty 5
We're it—don't you C?

MOMENTS UNION SKULE, FEB. 27, '03.

MIS BETSY HOOLIGUN,

Halifax, Kanedy:—

DEER ANT BETZ:—

I tho't mebbe yood lik ter no how we uns air gettin' along up heer at Union Skule.

I writ yoo oncet wen we wuz "Freshies." we haint Fresh no longer—we're Sophs. Say, Ant betz, you jest orter see the folks wat iz in our clas. there the best lookin set in skule (specially the gals.)

The boys is "Sykes," "Sammy" and "Dennis." Say, ant betz, did yer ever reed eny of Mr. Chawsir's works? well, ther's a sentence in one of 'em that 'zackly deskribes "Sykes": "Nowher so busy a man as he ther was, and yet he semed besier than he was." He's so besy (?) that when he coms ter skule he don't hev no time ter study an we re afeered he won't even hev time ter come, after whil.

Dinnis is poplar among the gals, wen he comes inter the room they al flocke to meat him fer the know he's got sum kandy in his pockits. He's always "sweet."

Sammy's ther best and ther biggest boy in our clas.

I just had a dredful skare. I herd the most offel noise, sounded lik al Bedlam let luce, but after lookin round, I seen it wuz only "our Irish Songster" singin "Sammy." she likes that song fust rate, she does.

One of ther gals in our clas hez hare of "sun-kissed brown." In "'Dutch' she speeketh faire and cleverly." "That of her smyling is ful symple and coy," applies ter a "Fish."





SOPHOMORE CLASS.



HIGH SCHOOL TRACK TEAM.

D. RALSTON.

F. VANINWAGEN,
J. GARRETT,

L. PIFER,
C. PARMELY,

N. PORTER,
F. GARRETT.

V. PARISH,

PARLIAMENTARY DRILL.

BY BERT WILLIS.

"Motions closed" said Mr. Crosby,
 "No they aint" says Mr. Pifer,
 "Out of order" yells out Varnum,
 "All keep still," says Dena Miller,
 "I will tell who made the error,
 Tell you all about the trouble,
 Mr. Crosby made a motion,
 'Twas seconded by Mr. Parish;
 Mr. Pifer made a motion,
 So you see he's out of order.
 He should wait a little longer,
 Till his dainty voice gets stronger,
 Then I could hear his gentle warbling."
 "You're taking time" says Mr. Parish,
 "Lets go on" says Mr. Pifer.
 "Wait a minute Mr. Parish,
 Mr. Crosby made a motion.
 All in favor raise the right hand,
 All opposed, the sign, as usual."
 "The motion's lost" says Dena Miller,
 "No it aint" says Mr. Crosby,
 "I know it is" says Mr. Pifer.
 "Division called" says Dena Miller.
 "All in favor stand a moment,
 Let me see, there's twenty standing,
 So you see there's sixty present,
 Making forty all opposing.
 "Adjourn we must" says Mr. Parish,
 "No we won't" says Mr. Pifer.
 "Mr. Parish, stop your talking,
 Mr. Crosby has the floor."
 "Move we adjourn," says Mr. Crosby.
 "All in favor" cries out Dena,
 "Show the same by just adjourning."
 Thus the meeting now was ended,
 And the pupils left the school-room,
 Feeling much refreshed and thankful
 For the work they had accomplished.

A STREET EPISODE.

John went walking down the street
 Arrayed in his Sunday best.
 With a smile for the girl he
 chanced to meet,
 And a bright carnation pinned on
 on his vest.

Now John he was so very tall,
 So graceful and dignified you know
 He did not bend to see a thing so
 small,

As a banana-peel, which lay on
 the walk below.

Ah! there comes Miss Mildred
 down the street,
 He thinks to greet her with a
 smile,

As he raises his hat, he raises his
 feet,
 And there on the walk he lay for
 awhile.

Moral—Young man, watch the
 lowly things as you pass,
 For the deadliest enemy often
 lurks in the grass.



"What part of speech is butter?" Asked the teacher of the second grade grammar class. "Its a verb," exclaimed Bobbie, positively. "A verb," echoed the teacher in surprise, "How do you make that out?" Well," said Bobbie, "When a goat gives a feller a button, don't it express action, bein' and state of bein'."

THE FOURTH ANNUAL MEET

— OF THE —

KANKAKEE COUNTY ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION,

— HELD AT THE —

KANKAKEE DISTRICT FAIR GROUNDS, MAY 22, 1903.

The M. H. S. athletes a third time proved themselves Kankakee's superiors in athletics. These two schools were the only ones represented at the Field Meet this year, but enthusiasm was not lacking on that account. Altho the heavy rains caused a heavy track and rendered records almost impossible, the meet was the most successful one ever held by the K. C. A. A. The Momence lads showed themselves to be sturdy athletes and quite invincible, taking the larger share of the honors very neatly. Kankakee left the field meek and humble but still vowing vengeance.

Excluding the points won by Momence in the relay, the score card shows: Kankakee, 48: Momence 85.

The greatest number of points taken by an individual contestant was 33 points, these being credited to Lenoir Pifer of the M. H. S. track team. The next greatest was 24 points taken by H. Garrish of the K. H. S. track team.

OFFICIAL SCORE:

- 1 50-yd. dash,.....Time: 6 2-5;.....won by Pifer.
L. PIFER, 1st.....Momence,F. VanInwagen, 3d.
H. Garrish, 2nd.....Kankakee,.....E. Andereck
- 2 Shot-put, distance, 35 feet 3 in. won by Garrett
J. GARRETT, 1st; Momence,.....D. Ralston, 3d.
C Dyer, 2d,Kankakee,.....A. Longtin
3. 100 yd. dash,.....Time, 10 $\frac{3}{4}$,won by Pifer
L. PIFER, 1st.....Momence,.....F. VanInwagen, 3d
H. Garrish, 2nd.....Kankakee,.....E. Andereck
- 4 1 mi. run,.....Time 5.44,.... won by Parish
V. PARISH, 1st..... Momence, C. Parmely. 3rd
R. Hobbie, 2d,..... Kankakee, R. Vanderwater
5. Standing Broad Jump,.....Distance 8 ft. 11 in. won by F. VanInwagen
F. VANINWAGEN, 1st,.....Momence,.....V. Parish, 3rd
H. Garrish, 2nd..... Kankakee,.....E. Andereck
- 6 Running High Jump,.....Height, 5 ft. 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.....won by Pifer
L. PIFER, 1st,.....Momence,.....V. Parish 3rd
H. Garrish, 2nd,.....Kankakee.G. Burch
- 7 440 yd. dash, Time 1 min.won by Pifer
L. PIFER, 1st, Momence,.....D. Ralston, 3rd
A. Shoven, 2nd.....Kankakee,.....A. Longtin

- 8 Standing High Jump,..... Height, 4 ft. 1½ in..... won by Parish
 V. PARISH, 1st..... Momence, L. Pifer 2nd
 C. Dyer,..... Kankakee, H. Garrish, 3rd
- 9 220 yd hurdle,..... 38 sec..... won by Hobbie
 Momence, F. Garrett, 2nd
 R. Hobbie, 1st, Kankakee,.....
- 10 ½ mile run,..... Time, 2:34,..... won by Parish
 V. PARISH, 1st..... Momence,..... N. Porter, 2nd
 H. Topping, 3rd,..... Kankakee..... E. Cobb
- 11 220 yd. dash,..... Time 25½, won by Pifer
 L. PIFER, 1st, Momence,..... N. Porter, 3rd
 A. Shoven, 2nd..... Kankakee..... H. Topping
- 12 Hammer Throw,..... Distance, 96 ft 9 in..... won by Garrett
 F. GARRETT, 1st..... Momence, Pifer
 C. Dyer, 1st,..... Kankakee,..... C. Robinson, 3rd
- 13 120 yd. hurdle,..... Time 19¾ won by Garrish
 Momence,..... F. VanInwagen, 2nd
 H. GARRISH, 1st,.... Kankakee
- 14 Pole Vault,..... Height, 7 ft. 11 in won by VanInwagen
 F. VANINWAGEN, 1st..... Momence, S. VanInwagen
 H. Garrish 2nd,..... Kankakee,..... P. Brosseau 3rd
- 15 Running Broad Jump,..... Distance, 17 ft. 2 in..... won by Pifer
 L. PIFER, 1st, Momence,..... F. VanInwagen
 H. Garrish, 2nd..... Kankakee,..... E. Andereck 3rd
- 16 One Mile Relay,..... Time 4:35..... won by Momence
 Momence:— 1 N. Porter; 2nd, V. Parish; 3rd, F. VanInwagen; 4th, L. Pifer.
 Kankakee—1, Cobb; 2nd, Hobbie; 3rd, Shoven; 4th, Longtin.

JUDGES:—W. R. Hickox, W. Rice, Kankakee; H. Halpin, Momence.

REFEREE — Healey.

TIME KEEPERS:—J. E. Neff, Kankakee; H. P. Little, Momence.

STARTER; — A. Gibson, Momence.



THE CLASS OF 1906.

Sept. 8th, 1902 a brilliant class of twenty took up the work in High School. The pupils were classed the Freshmen.

Now it is known that the Seniors, Sophomores, and Juniors, have at one time been classed the same, but we are forced to say that they have never distinguished themselves as the Freshmen of 1902.

Can we not rightfully boast? We are the first class ever entering High School possessing diplomas; we do not have to master that almost unmasterable Rhetoric and study the lives of men we have never seen before, we can be honored by receiving diplomas.

Suppose that old dragon, Algebra, should lay us one by one, in the dust; we already have our diplomas; and are not the Seniors still striving for theirs?

But tho we have our diplomas, we thot it best to continue our schooling as all others have done; for it might arouse hard feelings among the other classes if we did not. So we have learned our lessons each day, and have been a real comfort to our teacher.

Altho we are nothing but Freshmen, fate seems to will that we must take a prominent part in school life; we have hated to push ourselves forward, but two of our members have finally consented to play in our orchestra, one has entered the oratorical contest, while others have given pleasure by solo work at the various High School entertainments.

It caused no little excitement in the school circles when it was made known that two of our members had entered the list of those competing for the year book prizes. But quietly and modestly we march along—A class of twenty, good and true—Some say we have our tricks,—But all the others envy us, The Class of 1906.



"Papa," said Tommy Treadway. "Now Tommy," replied Mr. Treadway, "I shall answer only one more question today, so be careful what you ask." "Yes, Papa." "Well, go on." "Why don't they bury the Dead Sea?"



FRESHMAN CLASS.

FAREWELL PARTY TO MR. BONN.



The farewell party in honor of Mr. W. H. Bonn, held June 19, 1902, at the home of the Misses Gray, was a most memorable occasion.

Rain prevented its being an out-door affair as was intended, yet it was none the less enjoyable.

The parties who stole the ice cream kindly waited until the entire company had been served so all was well.

The fact that the gathering was a complete surprise to Mr. Bonn added zest to the affair and it is safe to say that it will long be remembered as one of the most pleasurable associations within Mr. Bonn's memory.



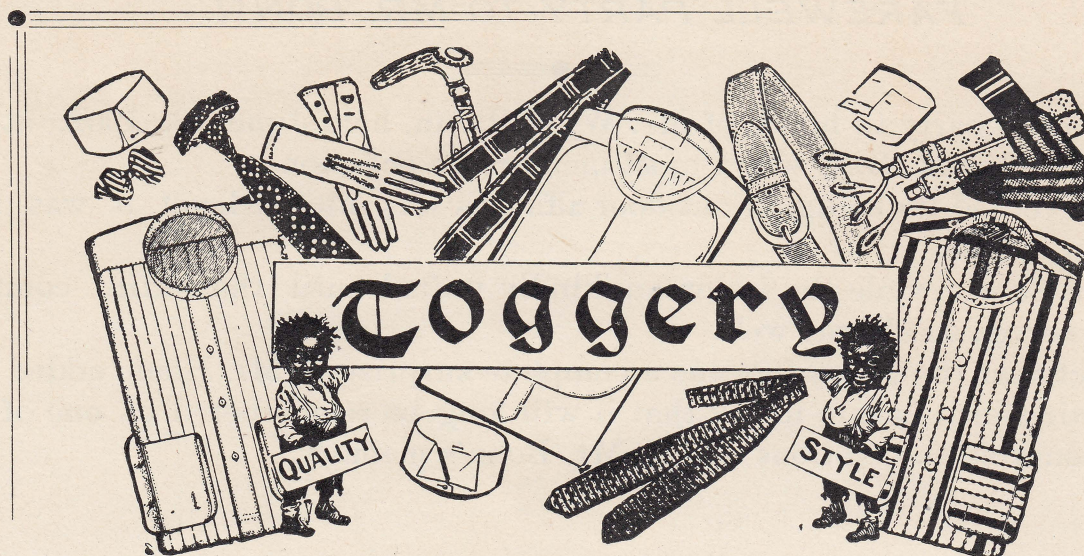
REUNION OF MISS GRIFFIN'S PUPILS.



On June 14, 1902 a reunion was held of all the persons who had at any time been pupils of Miss L. E. Griffin during her 20 years of service in the H. S. The gathering was held in the afternoon on Island Park where all enjoyed themselves in diverse ways until supper time. Immediately following that important feature, the following toasts were responded to:

The Pleasures of Teaching,	May Culver
Things Learned in School Applied in Every Day Life,"	Henry Hanson
The Teacher's Influence on Society,	May Gibson
Planks in different Platforms,	Clyde Tabler
The Days of Auld Lang Syne,	Dr. Elmer Gibson
Our Teacher,	J. Lenoir Pifer
Tombstones,	Chas. Pogue
Flowers and Sunshine.	Mrs. Lottie Hack
Looking Backward,	Mrs. Lillian Lucas
My Boys and Girls,	Miss L. Emma Griffin
John Cleary, Toast Master.	

Miss Griffin was presented by "her boys and girls," with a handsome diamond ring in token of their appreciation of her efforts as "mother, teacher, friend."



NOT FREAKS, BUT THE PROPER THINGS,

Worn by gentle folk everywhere you will find at
"THE WHITE FRONT CLOTHING HOUSE,"

Long before you learn of them through the Chicago papers
 or Catalogues. Our present stock is the largest ever shown
 in this vicinity and we invite your inspection.

D. C. RIKER.

Queen Quality

Shoes and Oxfords.

THIS MARK on a Shoe or Oxford
 indicates the very highest perfection
 of the Shoe Manufacturer's art. In
 fact no one need wear a better shoe.

ONE PRICE:

SHOES,.....\$3.00

OXFORDS,.....\$ 2.50

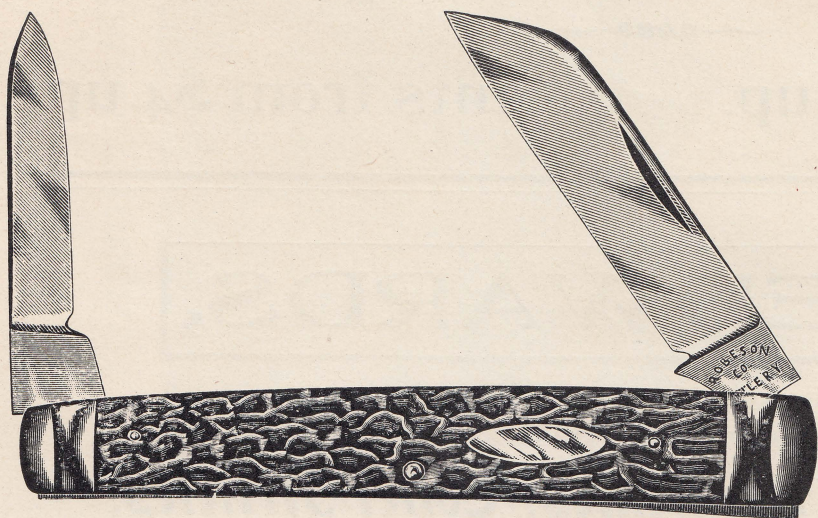
ALL SHAPES AND WIDTHS.

Found in Momence only
 in our Shoe Department.

W. L. Clapsadle.



KEEN EDGE; FINE QUALITY.



This style of knife
may not suit you.
We have 69 other
styles all made by
Robeson.

Unqualified Guarantee.

CHAS. B. ASTLE.

WATSON & CLEARY,

—LEAD IN—

Quality and Fair Prices.

Groceries, Provisions, Queensware, Boots and Shoes.
Agents for Pillsbury's and Washburn's Flour and Armour
and Swift's Meats. Large orders filled closer than Chi-
cago prices.

Dry Goods Specialists.

*Those who want the best service in any
particular line go to the Specialist!*

We are Dry Goods Specialists. That's all.

CHARLES HACK.

Melka Bros., *Fine Tailoring.*



Suits, from \$15 up.

Pants from \$4 up.

R. L. EDWARDS,

RANGE ST., MOMENCE,

DEALER IN

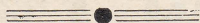
Drugs, Patent Medicines, Toilet Articles,

School Supplies,

Wall Paper, Paints, Oils, Glass and Putty.

A Fine Line of Cigars and Tobaccos.

THE NEW GROCERY.



FOR CLEAN,
FRESH,
AND UP TO THE
TIMES:

Staple and Fancy Groceries

Call at the Store Formerly Occupied by the Farmers' Grocery.

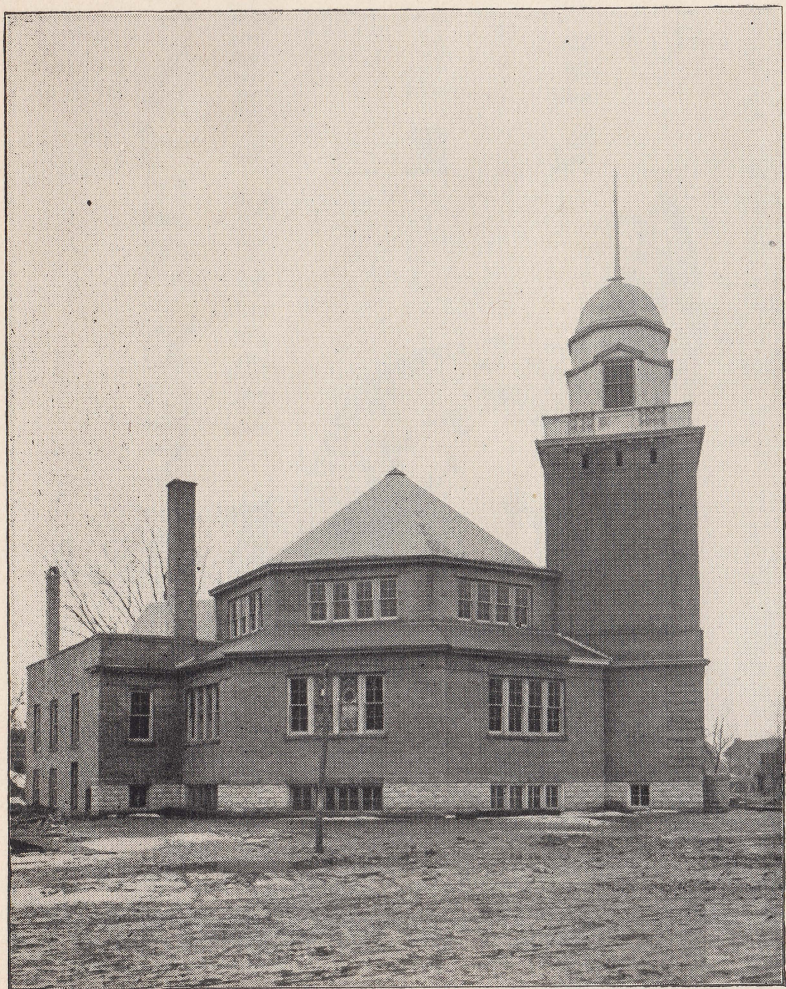
It will be our earnest endeavor to treat you in such
a manner that you will want to come again : : :
Prices right. Quality of goods high. : : : :

Telephone, Red, No. 41.

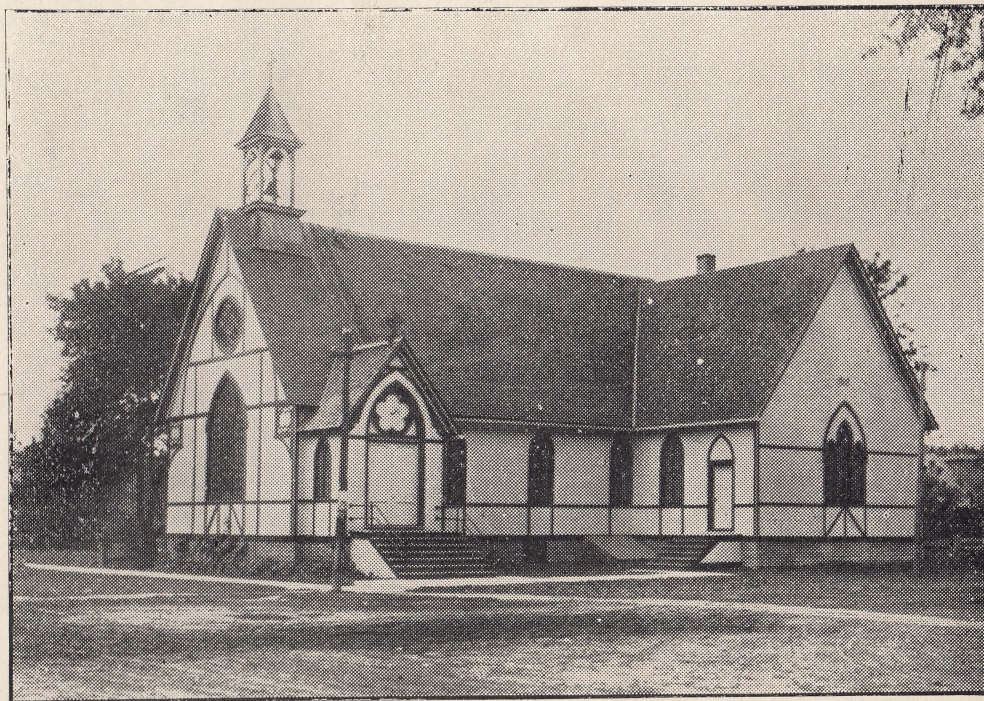
L. D. WORDEN, Prop.

Momence Banking Co.,

Real Estate, Loans, Exchange.



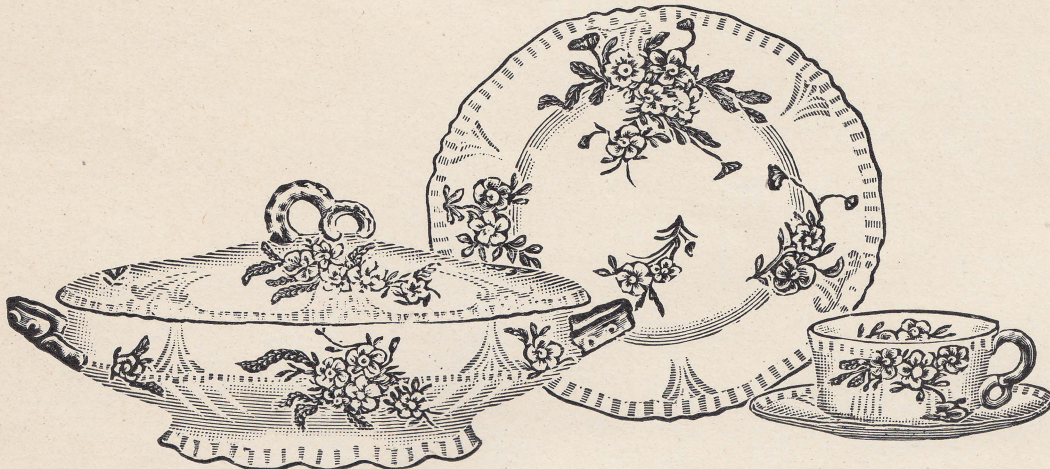
BAPTIST CHURCH.



EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

CHINA DINNER SETS.

Special:==Imperial Habsburg China.



100 Piece Sets

—AND—

No Two Alike!



Get our Prices on Dry Goods, Groceries, Shoes, Crockery, Glassware, Etc.

L. W. CALKINS & SON.



F. E. LANE,

Photographer.

DEALER IN PORTRAITS, FRAMES AND
ARTISTS' SUPPLIES.

